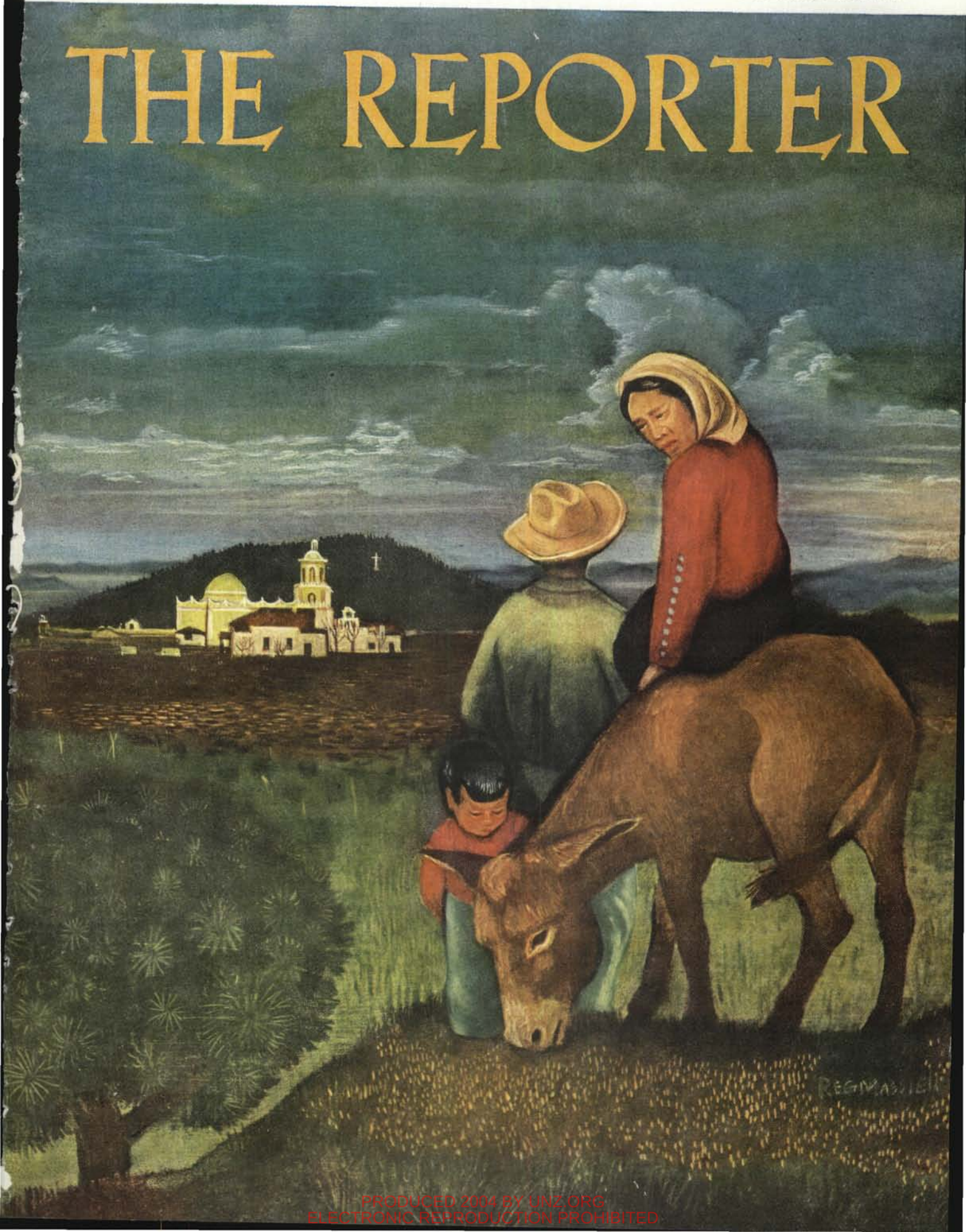
The Wrecking of the Alliance

INC December 27, 1956 25¢

Christmas: the Mission of St. Xavier del Bac

THE REPORTER



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"Don't worry, I'm not going to sing"

THE OLD LADY had lost her voice. That rich, vibrant contralto which had rung through opera's golden age was long gone. And she made no bones about it.

Standing at the network microphones, she'd loudly promise her audience: "Don't worry, I'm not going to sing."

Yet, every Christmas Eve, she did sing. And millions of homes hushed to listen. For *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht* does not demand a big voice. Rather, a big heart.

And Ernestine Schumann-Heink had always had that. From the beginning, when she threw away her budding career for love, only to wind up deserted with her four children. Through World War I, when she sang to sell Liberty Bonds while she had sons fighting—on both sides. Right up to the end of her turbulent life, she stayed warm, generous and brave.

Naturally, her adopted country loved her. Because Americans admire heart, and as the little stories in every daily paper show, they have plenty of it. That's one of the vital reasons why America is strong and why her Savings Bonds are a tremendous guarantee of security.

The heart and strength of 165 million Americans stand behind these Bonds.

There could be no better guarantee. So, for yourself, and for your country, invest in U.S. Savings Bonds regularly. And hold on to them.

It's actually easy to save—when you buy Series E Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Once you've signed up at your pay office, your saving is done *for you*. The Bonds you receive pay good interest—3% a year, compounded half-yearly when held to maturity. And the longer you hold them, the better your return. Even after maturity, they go on earning 10 years more. So hold on to your Bonds! Join Payroll Savings today—or buy Bonds where you bank.

Safe as America—U.S. Savings Bonds

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Matter of Moment

In the marble-mantled rooms of the Capitol, where precedent weighs as heavily as the black-leather settees, they are recalling with anticipatory glee the famous battle in 1941 between Senator Matthew Neely, who was temporarily departing Washington to serve a term as governor of West Virginia, and Homer Holt, the previous governor. The problem, it seems, was the appointment of a successor to take Neely's place in the Senate. Determined that Holt should not do the choosing, Neely had dated his Senate resignation for the day of his gubernatorial inauguration.

Neither man was prepared to be thwarted lightly. As the midnight preceding the fateful inauguration day approached, both secured open lines to the telegraph office. At the stroke of twelve they acted simultaneously. Holt with lightning speed accepted Neely's resignation and designated a successor for the still-warm Senate seat. Neely intoned a hasty oath as governor and thereupon appointed his own successor.

Naturally, the two appointees arrived in Washington and naturally the Senate made much ado over the matter. For weeks the battle raged, the ranks divided between those believing in the continuous-flow theory of time, who favored Neely's man (they argued there was no time gap between Neely's withdrawal as Senator and his accession as governor), and believers in the instantaneous-interval theory of time, who favored Holt's. In the end the continuous-flow theory prevailed. Joseph Rosier, the beneficiary, enjoyed a brief period of Senate glory until the next election.

All this has been brought to mind by the way things are presently shaping up in the Lone Star State. Outgoing Governor Allan Shivers has been hounding Governor-elect Price Daniel to hurry up and resign his Senate seat. Daniel says he won't because he suspects Shivers would sneak in a Republican appointee and possibly eliminate the slim margin of Democratic control over the Senate. The way matters stand now, Daniel plans to be on hand January 3 to help organize the Senate for the Democrats. He has dated his resignation for January 15, his inaugural day as governor. Some people say Shivers is so mad about the whole thing that he may precipitate a repetition of the Neely-Holt affair.

Undoubtedly it will provide more opportunity for fun and buffoonery among the Senators. We only hope that the erudite advocates of the continuous-flow and the instantaneous-interval theories of time will not be confounded because the protagonists forgot to synchronize their watches.

The Displaced Radicals

Robert R. Young, the railroad magnate, was a fresh breeze back in the days when he promoted the right of travelers to cross the continent without changing at Chicago, a crusade he promoted under the slogan "If a hog can, why can't you?" And he still looked pretty good when he routed the New York Central's Old Guard in a proxy free-for-all a few years ago. But testifying before a Congressional subcommittee on monetary policy the other day, Mr. Young crossed and recrossed the thin line that always separates the noble maverick from the odd ball.

Concerning financial matters, the only thing on his mind was high taxes, the "peacetime culture of universal mediocrity imposed upon us by Mr. Humphrey's tax guillotine." Savings, he suggested, were being "siphoned off in taxes to find their way eventually through foreign war lords, bureaucrats, and entrepreneurs into the Swiss banks and the gambling casinos and wine cellars of the Riviera."

After making what sounded like reasonable objections to the government's failure to raise railroad rates, largely because of pressure from the Defense Department, Mr. Young proceeded to sniff out a conspiracy. "The rails being the core of our capitalistic system, it is not hard to see why its enemies have made them their first line of attack; but it is difficult to see why the Defense Department and the Treasury Department should persecute them. Or do I see ghosts of Harry Dexter White?"

It is obvious that the archenemies of the railroads—airlines, transcontinental busses, and trucking companies—are all secretly connected with, if not subsidized by, Moscow. Not even the Young doctrine of sharing the transcontinental experience of the pig seems to have brought peace of mind to its originator—evidence being his interpretation of our involvement in the Second World War: the machinations of interlocking "banking control in New York."

The strange thing about all this is what may be called the relocation of extreme fanatic radicalism. A generation ago, people inclined to see everywhere the evidence of sinister,

DECEMBER 24

We talk of "moral force" as if it were
A talisman to keep the flesh intact;
A sign of faith, a guarantee of grace,
As if the word endured without the act.
But He did not, whose birth we celebrate:
The words He spoke were bonded by His breath,
His moral force was nourished by His blood
And lived to triumph in His body's death.

—SEC

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THE TEEN-AGERS TAKE OVER

ERIC SEVAREID

Duty, as they say, calls. As Chairman of the Independent Pessimists' Party and self-appointed protector not only of the public but the parental weal, we feel bound to consider the question of whether the teen-agers will take over the United States lock, stock, living room, and garage. Parents can keep the barrel. They will need it.

Teen-age used to be a phase; now it's a situation. And it's going to become more of a situation. Governments will fall not over their atomic-age policy but over their teen-age policy. There are sixteen million teen-agers now, and that number will increase by seventy per cent in the next ten years.

The *Wall Street Journal* tells us what American sellers and advertisers are doing about this. They are infiltrating the bobby-sox and crew-cut ranks with all the modern techniques of brainwashing available.

Some are really after Poppa, using the teen-agers as *agents provocateurs* to subvert the old man's pocketbook; but they expect to have the teen-age agents so enmeshed in their coils that by the time *they* have pocketbooks of their own they too will be docile and obedient. That kid in the ad, for example, who rushes into the living room on Christmas morning and says, "Gee, Dad, it's a Wurlitzer!"—well, the strategy intends to have him, as a bridegroom, showing his bride the new silverware and saying, "See, honey, it's Gorham!"

The psychological-research boys in the advertising agencies have discovered that thirty-eight per cent of American family vacations are decided by the teen-agers in the family—mountains, seashore, or an Elvis Presley revival meeting. They think they can match or better this figure on cars, TV sets, parlor furniture, or what not. Some use the soft sell on the kids, some the hard sell. Ford Motors uses the soft sell, telling the youngsters in their magazines "how to safety-check a car in two minutes." No light is offered parents on how to safety-check the teen-ager. In the spring, Ford will try a harder sell—telling the kids how to buy a used car. Some teen-agers, of course—ours, for example—take a short cut; they know how to turn a new car into a used car overnight.

Some manufacturers aren't content with the slow strategy of sowing seeds for future harvesting; they are turning over the weekly allowance directly. The Elvis Presley theme song, we are sorrowed to inform you, has resulted in the market being flooded with Hound Dog Orange Lipstick. Some advertisers use teen-age language. One company sells bongo drums that are, "fire tuned but city cats get good results by warming gently over the romantic flame of the gas stove," and if somebody will translate that we'll put it in the next platform of the Independent Pessimists' Party, and be against it.

Teen-agers used to be told what to think. Now swarms of motivational researchers are going around *asking* them what *they* think. One fellow has made quite a thing of this, calls himself the George Gallup of the teen-agers. He says, proudly, so help us, "Parents generally have little resistance or protection against youth's bombardments. Thus, with parents rendered helpless, it becomes evident that youth is the market to reach."

Apparently, this same man is responsible for the Army switching its recruiting sell. Used to rely on the call of adventure. No, said the researchers, the kids want security. So now the Army ads say "retire at thirty-seven." Unquote. Period. Groan.

But all, apparently, is not lost. The *Journal* quotes one kid who complained that *his* father bought a new car without even asking his opinion on the make to get. Maybe the nucleus of a last-ditch, eleventh-hour parental counterattack still exists and can be rallied. The war cry might be a paraphrase from the call of the revolutionaries of 1848—Parents of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your shirts.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

far-reaching plots were located on the extreme Left. Now, lo and behold, they are on the extreme Right.

The Kickback

It is a moment of quite irresistible irony when a group of our most unshackled experimental artists protest violently against an experimental background provided for their paintings by a violently unshackled architect named Frank Lloyd Wright. It seems that Mr. Wright's new Guggenheim Museum of Modern Art, a cylindrical structure six stories high on upper Fifth Avenue, New York, will contain a slightly angled, curving unbroken wall designed "to hold pictures as though they were on an easel." This provoked anguished cries. "The paintings will look slightly askew"; "The bottoms won't match the floor line"; "Even a slight slope puts a picture out of plumb."

As most of the affronted painters, including such well-known abstractionists as George L. K. Morris, William de Kooning, and Robert Motherwell, have not for a long time overridingly concerned themselves with plumb, let alone skew, a certain divine justice seems indicated. "A rectangular wall and level floor are terribly important in the display of paintings," said another artist, Will Barnet. Could it be that the new order must be framed by the old in order to be new? That balance, proportion, and perspective are more necessary to the showing of pictures than their painting? Or is it simply that you cannot, in art, do unto others what you would have done yourself?

For Who the Bell Tolls

It is sad enough when standards slip; it is horrifying when they are officially encouraged to slip. We refer to some remarks made by an English professor at Bowdoin College, who said among other things that "People should not worry so much about their grammar," and that it made no difference whether a person used "who" when he should have said "whom," or "will" when "shall" was correct. "Any large group of people sets its own standards," he said.

If ever there were incitement to mob rule, this is it.

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CORRESPONDENCE

PEACEMONGERING AND U.N.

To the Editor: May I just say that your editorial "The Price of Peacemongering" in your issue of November 29 seemed to me the best thing I have read on the current crisis and American foreign policy. Like so many others, I have hoped that out of the disappointments and divisions of recent weeks something good would emerge in the form of a strengthened United Nations. American policy has seemed on the surface to be working toward this end. Nevertheless, as your editorial points out, it is possible to put such burdens on the U.N. as to make its role an impossible one. For the great democracies the U.N. must be a means of policy, not an abdication of choice; it must be a way to greater solidarity and co-operation, not a forum for expressing abstract moral judgments.

There is always a danger that excessive internationalism may prove a smoke screen for a new form of nationalism. There were some who favored the European army because they believed it would be an excuse for withdrawing our troops from the Continent. Similarly, there are others who now say "Let the United Nations do it" because they hope to escape responsibility themselves.

You have said some of the things that needed to be said, with directness and lucidity.

AUGUST HECKSCHER
New York

To the Editor: Your editorial on Eisenhower's "peacemongering" was a call for anarchic nationalism and power-bloc politics that would almost have pleased Senator Knowland. The deceitful Middle Eastern venture of Israel-Britain-France cannot be alibied by calling Nasser an "implacable enemy" of Israel or by the fact that the aggressors have democratic governments. As always, the anarchic use of force has inspired more fanaticism and hatred, hopelessly aggravating an already miserable situation. This fiasco has not only created the European oil crisis but has provided a partial smoke screen for the Russian barbarism in Hungary. May our government continue its "peacemongering" and reliance on the United Nations!

C. W. GRIFFIN
Erlton, New Jersey

To the Editor: Apparently you want our troops over there along with the British and French in an open declared war.

Lucky are we this time for a leader who dared to say "No." Britain brought on the First World War and actually the Second World War. Britain and France if they had their way now would bring on a Third World War. All in the world to keep them from it is the United States and its patience with the U.N. The American people placed their confidence in a levelheaded man. As for me, I prefer the Eisenhower "peacemongering," as you call it, any old day, to winning another war for Britain. I doubt if America can afford any more such victories.

GORDON STOUT
Pierre, South Dakota

To the Editor: Your editorial "The Price of Peacemongering" is the finest summary of our present unfortunate foreign policy I have seen yet. The phrase "massive reliance" on the U.N. is already circulating here among people who follow the events of the day. "Peacemongering" is another.

BERNICE BRODE
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: Our policy on Suez has been made by a kindly sixty-six-year-old amateur golfer whose evident ignorance of the complexities of international relations has made it possible for him to see without the sophistication of *Realpolitik* the clear moral issues involved. When he says we cannot have one standard for our friends and another for our enemies he is giving the prestige of a great nation to a fine moral principle. He is doing it, moreover, in defiance of the predominant jingoist wing of his own party. Men of good will who hope to see the jungle civilized one day should support him.

MARSHALL WINDMILLER
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: Granting your argument that this Administration has perhaps brought us closer to war than at any time since 1945, that this Administration has done little except deliver sermons instead of offering solutions, and that this Administration quite probably has had much to do with bringing on the Near Eastern situation—granting all this still does not logically lead to the conclusion that we cannot and should not rely upon the United Nations or Dag Hammarskjöld. The logical conclusion seems rather to be that our Administration should get tough and firm *in* the United Nations, not out of it.

FLOYD D. BARROWS
Los Angeles

To the Editor: At a time of crisis we all tend to become hysterical and trigger-happy. It is much easier to send an army to do something than to muster the collective intelligence to cope with the situation in a more permanent way. We have ignored the United Nations in more placid times, and have not given it the honest consideration it should have. Now, in emergency, we expect it to take care of everything.

OLAUS J. MURIE
Moose, Wyoming

To the Editor: Although I agree with your condemnation of Eisenhower's lack of a constructive foreign policy, I disagree with your position that this policy should be presented independently of the U.N. Your proposal to work outside the U.N. only embarrasses your hope that it might become a "superior international force" and postpones the date when the U.N. "rules may be codified" against the "power blocs."

Already the U.N. is practically disregarded by one major power. If we should follow suit by disregarding the U.N. in Egypt as Russia has done in Hungary, any hopes in the U.N. are lost. After playing the role of Russia with their inattention to the U.N., Britain and France have finally complied, which shows the power of opinion as directed through the U.N. This is now being augmented with a police force, which is a start toward this "superior international force." If this ultimate ideal is to be fostered, we must forsake our sympathies with Britain, France, and NATO for the greater security of a future revamped U.N.

Thus I approve of Eisenhower's use of the U.N., but I deplore his inability to give advice to it. Constructive ideas must be presented, but any action should first be given the sanction of world opinion.

JONATHAN E. SEELY
Hanover, New Hampshire

NIEBUHR AND THE CATHOLICS

To the Editor: You and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr are both to be congratulated on the extraordinarily fine article "The Negro in America" in your November 29 issue. His objectivity and impartiality are evident throughout but particularly when, writing of the Catholic Church, he says: "Absolute democracy is not necessarily a resource of justice." For a Protestant theologian to make such a statement publicly requires a high degree of intellectual honesty and courage for which Dr. Niebuhr and *The Reporter* deserve every American's gratitude. We are in danger of becoming so infatuated with the fetish of absolute democracy's infallibility that nonconformity in any sphere may be equated with sedition.

V. J. HOPE
Glendale, Arizona

To the Editor: In your issue of November 29, Reinhold Niebuhr comments on the relatively better record of the Roman Catholic Church than the Protestants in dealing with racial desegregation in America.

I shall not quarrel with Dr. Niebuhr's conclusion nor with his facts about the churches. He finds that Catholic success is at least partly "due to the hierarchical structure of the Church and the consequent ability of bishops and priests to set standards even in defiance of lay opinion." What he leaves out is the fact that bishops have over the faithful a power of excommunication which involves or may involve condign punishment, not only or chiefly in this life but the hereafter. It isn't a mere matter of hierarchical structure but of hierarchical structure with extraordinary power, greater for the true believer even than the power of that state, which can only kill the body and not condemn the soul. It is good that this power, since it exists, is sometimes used to good social ends. But I suspect that Dr. Niebuhr will agree that the hierarchy has been far more inclined thus to use its power when it is in competition with Protestant churches and zealous humanitarians, often agnostics, in and out of the labor movement.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York

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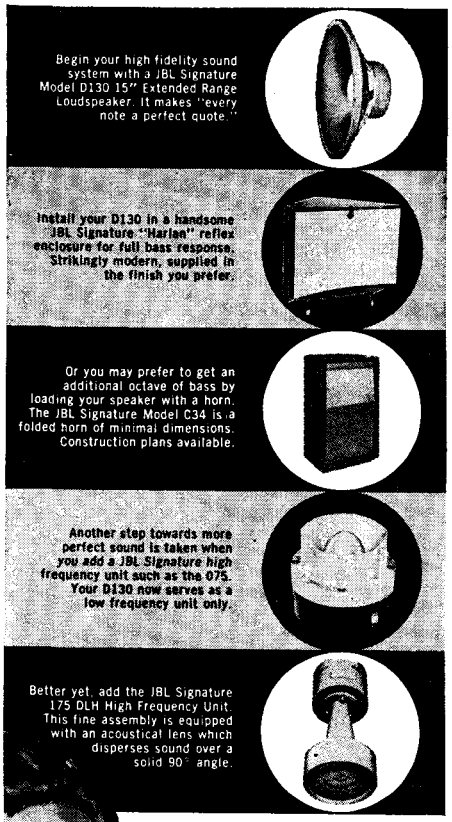
Begin your high fidelity sound system with a JBL Signature Model D130 15" Extended Range Loudspeaker. It makes "every note a perfect quote."
Install your D130 in a handsome JBL Signature "Harlan" reflex enclosure for full bass response. Strikingly modern, supplied in the finish you prefer.
Or you may prefer to get an additional octave of bass by loading your speaker with a horn. The JBL Signature Model C34 is a folded horn of minimal dimensions. Construction plans available.
Another step towards more perfect sound is taken when you add a JBL Signature high frequency unit such as the 075. Your D130 now serves as a low frequency unit only.
Better yet, add the JBL Signature 175 DLH High Frequency Unit. This fine assembly is equipped with an acoustical lens which disperses sound over a solid 90° angle.
preoccupation with fidelity
reaches new high among modern males!
"Fidelity" in its various contexts is a word endlessly bandied about. Now, modified by high, "fidelity" is correctly applied to sound reproduction of exceptionally lifelike quality by means of separate components – amplifiers, radio tuners, loudspeakers, acoustical enclosures . . .
Statistics show that admiration for high fidelity components is felt more keenly by the male side of a household. This, perhaps, because men are prone to admire precision craftsmanship. Examples: fine rifles, cameras, boats, power tools, motor cars.
This supposition must apply, certainly to loudspeaker systems bearing the name "JBL Signature." Visual inspection tells you that extra special care has been taken to form and finish these precision-made instruments. Regard the rugged castings, the bright, machined metal surfaces, the hydraulically-formed domes and diaphragms, the glowing, hand-rubbed wood surfaces, the meticulous assembly.
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

EVERYBODY, including Secretary Dulles, is saying that the unity of the West must be remade. But what really matters now is not to say it but to do it—fully realizing how deep a rift exists. **Max Ascoli's** editorial is inspired by what may be called a sense of western patriotism: The nations of the West must know that they sink or swim together. They are not defending something that is obsolete; they are defending the conscience of the world.

The Suez crisis almost succeeded in throwing them off balance. When the British Press Service was set up in the United States during the Second World War, **Graham Hutton,** economist, author, and friend of America, became its director. His account of his countrymen's reactions to the Suez affair may be grim, but we feel that Americans should hear the voice of this authoritative spokesman.

This is not the first time that relations between Britain and the United States have been strained, but heretofore they have been handled differently. **David Demarest Lloyd** tells about two occasions when a great Tory, Winston Churchill, and a Labourite, Clement Attlee, came to Washington to confer with President Truman. On both occasions grave difficulties were smoothed out because mutual confidence existed—a confidence based on a discreet realization that domestic considerations must be allowed for in dealings between democratic countries. As executive director of the Harry S. Truman Library, Mr. Lloyd speaks with particular authority.

R. L. Bruckberger, a French Dominican priest, admits that he did not write his article in any spirit of calm. He would not have been honest with himself had he done so. He is in the great line of French Catholic polemicists. He served as chaplain in the French Resistance and has been living for several years in this country, which he admires as the bastion, although threatened, of individual freedom. His books include *One Sky To Share, The Miracle of the Wolf of Gubbio,* and *Mary Magdalene,* all published by Pantheon. His article in *Harper's,* "An Assignment for Intellectuals," provoked wide controversy. He is now preparing a major book on *The American Republic.*

OUR REGULAR European Correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** gives us an interim report on Hungary and U.S. policy. Our government can be forgiven for having been caught unawares, but it can never be forgiven if no preparations are made to meet possible future revolts in eastern Europe.

Alaska can hardly be called a satellite country, and yet there is something rather peculiar when American citizens pay taxes without being represented in Congress, and have been promised a statehood which they never seem to get—in spite of the fact that this promise was formulated by President Eisenhower even before the 1952 campaign. **A. Robert Smith** is Washington correspondent for ten newspapers in the Northwest and Alaska. **Ray Alan,** who reports regularly from the Middle East, sums up the current state of power politics in that region where our nation is so deeply engaged. **Judith Laikin** has had practical experience in the matters of which she writes, having served for two years in the visa section of the American Embassy in London.

THE ACCOUNT of a day in Spain by **Honor Tracy** is excerpted from a forthcoming book to be published in London by Methuen. She is the author of a recent novel, *The Straight and Narrow Path* (Random). **Roland Gelatt** is New York editor of *High Fidelity.* **E. E. Edwards** is a pseudonym. **Whitney Balliett,** who appraises the growing literature of jazz, is on the staff of the *New Yorker.* **Sidney Alexander,** who reviews Mary Renault's *The Last of the Wine,* is himself the author of a historical novel to be published next year by Random.

For more information about our cover, which was painted by our Art Editor, **Reg Massie,** see page 5.

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE COVER:

St. Xavier del Bac

On leaving the Army at Fort Dix, New Jersey, after the end of the Second World War, Art Editor Reg Massie drove westward across the continent to his home in California. Nine miles south of Tucson and Highway 88, he and his wife, Nancy, visited the Mission Church of St. Xavier del Bac. Mr. Massie's vivid impression on approaching that monument was a lasting one. His recent painting is *The Reporter's* Christmas cover for 1956.

The Mission of St. Xavier del Bac dates back to 1691, when the Jesuits Eusebio Kino and Juan Maria del Salvatierra, exploring to the north from Mexico, spoke "of the Word of God" to the Pima Indians in the region. The Pimas liked the God the Spaniards announced, but with good reason they came to dislike the Spanish soldiery. In 1751 the Indians at St. Xavier del Bac massacred the Spaniards and destroyed the Mission Church. Later it was rebuilt, richly adorned: Its interior contrasts the dark portrait of Francis Xavier with playful angels and baroque gold. It is now served by Franciscan monks.

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Civilization Is the West

So now it is official; we have the Vice-President's word for it: ". . . neither we nor our allies were without fault in our handling of the events that led to the crisis in which we now find ourselves." True, Mr. Nixon's speech drips with condescending moralism toward our Allies and self-congratulation for our moral virtue. Yet its admission that our monopoly on virtue is not absolute brings good tidings. In this season of rejoicing, at long last an occasion arises to praise something said by a member of the Administration. Beggars can't be choosers. If this is Nixon statesmanship, we say more power to him.

It is recognized now all over the West that something hit us, something dark and deep struck at the core of the broad commonwealth that is our system of alliances. It is as if a series of mental blackouts had afflicted the leaders of the West, at the very moments when they took decisions fateful to us all. Sir Anthony Eden and Guy Mollet may have been suffering mental blackouts when they launched the attack on Suez; but certainly they must have been blacked out when they decided to stop it. Certainly, too, there was another mental blackout when the U.S. delegation to the United Nations made our country the spokesman for the Afro-Asian-Soviet bloc. There have been other such lapses. On occasion, however, there may also have been, on some people's part, an entirely rational desire to make an honest buck—as when the decision to send oil from this continent to Europe took so long in the making.

But now what is of truly overriding importance is that the leaders as well as the peoples of the alliance find the way back to sanity. Nations cannot take time off to stretch out on the analyst's couch. They cannot wait while experienced help slowly heals old psychic bruises and furnishes them once again with something like a balanced mind. Moreover it is self-analysis that is the way of the democracies. That self-analysis must reach its conclusions quickly.

The idea we must grasp and cling to is that we of the West sink or swim together. The United States cannot isolate itself from the rest of the Western community without turning into a purposeless, oversized thing—indefensible both morally and militarily.

What makes the West so tightly knit a community that no member can leave it except by suicide lies in the fact that there is no alternative to the West or to its material and spiritual creativeness. What is called the West has no antithesis in its Communist imitation, or in a mythical East. The West is not a form of civilization, contemporary with other forms of civilization. The West *is* civilization.

Evidence abounds. All those peoples that have not been affected by the development of industrialism and democracy in Europe and on the North American continent are now in a mad, reckless race to imitate, to copy sometimes in ludicrous detail, the West's economic and political institutions. Not so long ago it was the West that invaded faraway continents, introducing its own patterns wherever it went. That was colonialism. The word is now a fighting word. But there is literally no people on earth now that does not want to be colonized—in a way of its own choosing and by adopting its own version of western institutions. This world-wide stampede is called nationalism.

Of course the times of the white man's burden are gone forever. But this does not mean that those peoples that have been the carriers of western civilization can lay down the burden just because there are so many other shoulders overeager to carry part of the load. Rather this is the time for all the nations of the West to join forces. For in what still is called the Christian world no nation alone has wisdom, skill, or energy to spare.

Perhaps one of the reasons for mental blackouts—at least for those which have afflicted American statesmen—is that at a certain moment we became the victims of our own rhetoric. Having preached anti-colonialism so fervently, and having so long described our nation as a former object of colonial oppression, our leaders were swept along in the tide of revolt against the two erstwhile great colonial powers. Perhaps those two nations themselves were victims of their own rhetoric when they moved as if they still had the freedom of action of great powers.

Let us be responsible in what we say to each other—we of the West. Let us go easy on rhetoric. Rhetoric has led to a sort of international nervous breakdown. The people of the United States are not yet paying the price of that breakdown. Those who are paying it are the people of Hungary, butchered because of their insistent belief in political freedom, the West's greatest heritage.

Another people, the people of Israel, are exposed once again to annihilation, for tragedy seems to be the fate of the Jews whenever our civilization stands in peril.

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The Anglo-French 'Convulsion of Despair'

GRAHAM HUTTON

LONDON

WHAT WENT WRONG? Who was right—and when? Where do we go from here?

The good old average Briton isn't so different from his American or Continental European cousin. Irrespective of his party affiliation, he is nonplused. He is a decent, fair-minded fellow, and far shrewder than any politicians think him. One week after Eden's *coup de main*, the British Gallup Poll turned intellectuals' faces scarlet on both sides of the Commons: It showed a rocketing rise in support for Eden—nearly twenty per cent. That was one of the still unexplained paradoxes in a paradoxical affair. Some of the others are: the split between the French and British Socialist Parties—the former in power, the latter in Opposition; the sudden discovery by the British Labour Party—the most anti-American non-Communist political party in Europe since the war ended—of America's moral leadership of the democracies; and the alignment of the Afro-Asian bloc in the U.N. with the Latin-American and Communist blocs against Israel, France, Britain, and a few other western European nations. A lot of explaining has yet to be done to both the American and the West European peoples. It will have to begin far back, long before Nasser and Suez.

WHEN THE Second World War ended, Americans and Britishers faced two tests: The Americans had to learn the problems of an unwanted world leadership, the Britishers the problems of a sudden and unexpected weakness. Before the war ended (as I well remember, for I was in America then), Americans were bitterly critical of Britain (under Churchill) for using force to eliminate the Communists in Greece. Within two years of that time, Ernest Bevin told President Truman and the State Department that Britain could not shore up Greece any more economically and therefore militarily. So, for both Greece and Turkey, Truman boldly produced the "containment" policy, which turned out to be the forerunner of not only the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, and Korea, but also of NATO.

We need to remember today that this was unitary American policy for the entire free half of the world. It ranged from Formosa and Korea, through Indo-China, right along the Iron Curtain to the North Cape of Norway. But it was not equally pushproof all along that Curtain. Now and then—from Berlin to Korea—the Russians by remote control pushed Communist or fellow-traveling stooges through the Curtain over to our side of it. The American "containment" policy never once let the West down. Indeed, Truman and the State and Defense Departments—rightly and justly, as is the duty of any U.N. member nation in the last resort—acted with military forces *before* U.N. decisions ratified what had been done. The West had American leadership, a policy, and military and economic strength in support of it. Both sides knew where they stood.

The Oil Boom Begins

But the world was changing swiftly. The British got out of India, Burma, Pakistan, Ceylon, and West Africa, and were well on the getting-out road in Malaya, Central Africa, and Egypt. The Chinese took most Americans aback—and, I believe, the Russian high command—by going Communist, thus swamping the Russian engineering industry with the unexpected demands for capital goods already planned for Russian purposes. Nehru fell out with the late Liaquat Ali Khan of Pakistan over Kashmir, pocketed the latter state by force of arms, and still refuses a U.N. inquiry or commission of arbitration over it. The American "act of generosity unparalleled in international relations"—the Marshall Plan, ERP, and their European offspring the OEEC—rapidly raised Europe's productivity and caused all of western Europe (more than 250,000,000 people this side of the Curtain) to become heavily dependent on imported oil from the Middle East. Europe's vastly expanding fuel needs outran its own coal supplies; big coal, iron, and steel works were dovetailed into its NATO defense system, together with a quickly proliferating network of oil refineries, airfields, pipelines, docks, and ports. Simultaneously the staggering American economic development gave rise (on balance) to an American import program for oil.

MEANWHILE, amid alarums and excursions elsewhere, the oil boom brought unimagined prosperity to the feudal sheiks and rulers of Middle Eastern states. The oil companies, American and European, coughed up bigger shares of profits, virtually on a fifty-fifty basis although all the capital, effort, and skill came from the West. But the "take" of the local rulers in the Middle East somehow didn't trickle down fast enough to their subjects, dwelling either as poor nomads or as a new urban proletariat. The Mid-

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dle Eastern pot was brought even quicker to the boil by the legacy of Palestine from the First World War: the "national home" for the Jews, which a weakened Britain was still trying to bring about legalistically by the Fabian tactics laid down in the old League of Nations mandate. On the African side of this cauldron lay the pauperized mob of Cairo, played on by a corrupt king and politicians, eying the only asset Egypt could see apart from the Nile: the canal. British forces were stationed along it (like Americans in the Panama Canal Zone) guarding an artery of communications between western Europe and Asia and Africa, regions that accounted for a vital fourth of its trade.

A Power Vacuum

Yet between the Pakistan or India of the new British Commonwealth at the further Asian end and the European right flank of NATO in Greece and Turkey, there was slowly created a most dangerous thing in international relations, a power vacuum. At the Asian end, Nehru turned neutralist toward the Communist leaders of China and the U.S.S.R. At the European end, the British were on the run—in Egypt once the king had gone and Nasser was negotiating for retirement of the British forces (but never for the canal itself), in Iran when Mossadegh was put up by the Tudeh and other nationalist (and pro-Russian) agitators, and, lastly, in and around Israel. In the north brooded the Russia of a Caucasian despot, heir to the dreams of all the Czars for the Tsarigrad (Istanbul) of a millennium, and for the warm-water ports Russia had needed for a century.

In that kind of a power vacuum, with the British kept on the run and the American oil companies heavily engaged there, prudence, business common sense, and farsighted strategy—which had formed NATO and acted promptly at Berlin and in Korea—demanded a positive "forward" American policy for the entire region. But as the British fell back on their last Near Eastern base, Cyprus, the vacuum got bigger.

NOBODY FILLED IT. And that is why one British voice has been oddly silent all these trying weeks past—that of Herbert Morrison, who was Foreign Secretary when Mossadegh blew up the Abadan crisis in his face. For let there be no mistake among friends: The first grave postwar breach in Anglo-American relations took place quietly, amid oil lobbies, when U.S. officials backed Mossadegh against the British over Abadan in the belief that his was a pure revolt of oppressed colonials against British (and other West European oil-ridden) imperialists—like the shot at Concord. Like that shot, it has echoed round the world, all right, but not exactly as American officials expected.

Mossadegh, Nasser, and the left-wing military adventurers running Syria have certainly been "against the West," against west Europeans. But for whose good? For America? For democracy, the defense of freedom, the development of underdeveloped masses? Not much.

Lengthening Shadows

On the European side of the Atlantic, many of us avowed and public supporters of Anglo-American (and European-American) solidarity have watched with foreboding and, against bitter criticisms from our own do-

mestic Socialists, have warned our American friends not to leave that power vacuum between NATO's Turkish flank and neutralist India. Indeed, high military men in NATO itself, Americans and those of other nationalities, have issued the same warning. How could they do otherwise, knowing that the entire western European economy—and the infrastructure and terrain of deployment for defense of western Europe and the Atlantic approaches—depended more and more on Middle Eastern oil? For ten to twenty years hence, that economy cannot depend on any other form of fuel, or on oil from anywhere else, including the Western Hemisphere.

Although many of us have seen this shadow creeping over the entire Middle East for a long time, what has been happening meanwhile? The two American political parties vied with each other, when Dewey was running against Truman, in urging hundreds of thousands of poor Jewish immigrants into a tiny, weak, isolated state detested by all the Arab states—and by the Russians. Then after Abadan, U. S. policy, under a new President who had been a great soldier and might have been expected to see at least the strategic implications of both policy and lack of policy, suddenly backed away from Israel at a critical moment and supported the Arab states.

Nor was this all: Backing Nasser and Greece (over Cyprus) against the British, studiously not supporting France in North Africa, U.S. foreign policy as seen from the European and Middle Eastern end did not fill the vacuum but positively enlarged it. American policy did not underpin the Middle East as a whole against Russian penetration, militarily or economically or diplomatically. It was left to a weakened, retreating Britain hastily to improvise a half-baked Baghdad Pact, of only a few still friendly Arab States plus a justifiably scared Pakistan. This was a pathetic attempt to span the gulf between India and Turkey, which had become the soft underbelly of the democratic world. The culminating blow fell on Nasser from America—the denial of funds for his grandiose dam. His seizure of the canal followed in short order.

THE *Times* of London jumped ahead of British opinion by openly counseling the use of force right away if the U.N. did not forthwith uphold the treaty rights in the canal, which had been freely reaffirmed by Nasser when the British forces agreed to get out. British and

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French public opinion, led by their press, began to get confused. Discordant voices arose, across all party lines. No policy was clarified—not French, not British, not American, and certainly in public, not Russian. And no leaders at this crucial stage got together—except, of course, Nasser, Nehru, Bulganin, Khrushchev, and Tito.

A race to fill that vacuum began. It does not seem to matter much now whose Intelligence first tipped off whom: Israeli, French, or British. But now that we have a vague idea of what was happening in Syria on Turkey's exposed flank, now that we remember by which route the Moslem world outflanked all Europe more than a millennium ago, now that French Socialists and British Tories have for once seen eye to eye—the act put on by Eden and Mollet seems less like criminal lunacy, more like a convulsion of despair.

Defense of What?

Observe the consequences all around us. First, the British Socialist Opposition (accompanied by such notorious non-Socialists as the editors of the *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the *Economist*) line up with the United States, the majority at the U.N., and all the Communist powers, to block Eden, Mollet, their governments, and their actions. That alone argues a little—what shall I say?—confusion. Secondly, a clear majority of the British people (the Gallup Poll did not sample the French) backs Eden; so the intellectuals and editors seem out of line with the masses (and not for the first time). Thirdly, Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd—than whom no more manful and straight-dealing statesman has appeared in Britain since the war ended—acting on instructions whips back the whole effort, and Britain and France grovel in the face of the world. Fourthly, the economic crisis, which everyone in Europe foretold if Nasser were allowed to slit Europe's jugular vein, descends on Britain, the sterling area, and western Europe. (Americans can think what a ration of fifty miles a week at $1 a gallon means.) Fifthly, the "agonizing reappraisal" of Britain's and western Europe's defense expenditure begins. Why should Britain, the most heavily taxed country in the world, find relatively twice as much from its people's wherewithal for defense as America, an infinite amount more than Germany (since the latter finds none), and more than double what any other European power finds?

From Labour's left wing to the Tory Right the lesson has been driven home that Britain can only use its armed forces by permission of a permanent majority in the U.N. which is composed of the American

and Afro-Asian blocs—and is bigger still if they line up, as they have just done, with the Communists. It seems further clear that the U.N would give Britain permission to use its forces only in a hopeless cause in which Britain would go under anyway or in a victorious one in which Britain would not survive but its bigger allies would. Americans should not be permitted a misunderstanding on this score. The British simply cannot afford—and even if their leaders were willing the people wouldn't be—to continue to tax themselves at the heaviest rates in the world to provide strength for a NATO and a Europe that are to be strangled in the Middle East, outflanked, ambushed by Russian or other adventurers, and, finally, held to ransom for oil and other vital products.

Bitterness, Neutralism

It is a sober, ironic comment on the Suez affair that it took the Eden-Mollet act of despair—and the incredibly one-sided U.S.-U.N. handling of it in company with the Russians—to produce in Britain and western Europe an Indian-type "neutralism" that the Communists had not been able to get going in eleven postwar years. It has not gone so far—yet. But during Eden's absence the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Harold Macmillan, announced to the Commons at the onset of the inevitable post-Suez sterling crisis that "consequential measures," as well as consumer rationing in certain items, would have to include a thoroughgoing official revision of the country's total defense effort and fuel and energy requirements and resources for a period of some years.

To Americans who may innocently ask, "Why, aren't these fellers prepared to defend themselves?" this answer can be given: "Defense that leads to self-destruction whoever wins, for policies devised without consultation, and at the cost of the most crippling taxes in the world is just too expensive for us. And in any case, if we are now a third-rate power—expendable, written off—let us at least enjoy life as other third-rate powers seem to do, for instance in the Middle East!"

Bitter? Nose cut off to spite the face? Perhaps. But there is no face left anyway.

The ordinary fellers—in their pubs, trains, and gardens—are talking this way today in Britain and France, in the bitterest tones heard in this century. More bitter than at Munich. More bitter than at Dunkirk or when France fell. These may be emotions. But emotions, in international affairs, have always been very hard facts, with which realists must always reckon.

AMERICANOPHOBIA? It is not nearly as widespread as many Americans might think. There is as much criticism of Eden for obeying the White House and the U.N. as there is of the White House and the U.N. themselves. The idea seems to have gotten across that many Americans were in favor of British-French intervention and, following the intervention, of turning the canal over to the U.N. The feeling, both among the Labour and Conservative rank and file, is in my judgment far more serious than a temporary explosion

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of Americanophobia. It is not temporary. It is a feeling that the British people, with their neighbors in Europe, have been written off as expendable, doomed by their own allies to economic strangulation, lower standards of life, deprivation of national rights in their own foreign policies and defense, and a kind of cozy domestic servitude.

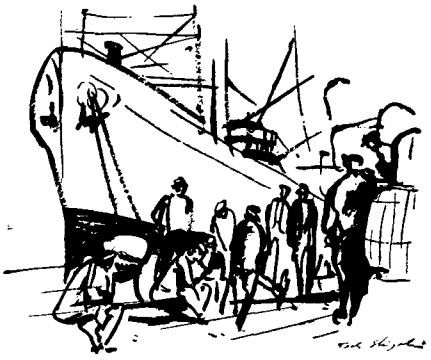
The *Economist* said editorially that we ought now to pick up the broken china. In a letter to the editor I suggested that this was seldom a constructive act. We needed a new piece altogether. That is the prevailing mood here. Nothing can ever be quite the same again. The Suez Canal has gone—from European management at least. (Britons note that the Panama Canal has not gone from U.S. control—and wonder what Americans would think if it had!) It has been publicly proved that the U.N. works only against the democratic nations, to suit Russians or anyone who happens temporarily to agree with them. Hungary has been doomed. The beginnings of a creeping economic blight have started to undermine the painfully built-up European Recovery Program. It is doubtful whether the Commonwealth and sterling area will mean anything practical now that India, West Africa, Malaya, and others assume complete financial independence over their earnings in and after 1957. The French and other European overseas dependencies are now also in dissolution. The economic effects on western Europe—*the oldest civilized region of the* western world, with more than 250,000,000 educated, skillful people and enormous capital equipment—are going to be vast, convulsive, and incalculable. The reappraisals all around are going to be more than agonizing; and they will have to be quick.

SUEZ ALONE is not responsible for this. But the "great gulf fix'd" between India and Turkey *is* responsible. Americans—and Canadians, Russians, and Asians—of any persuasion and opinion may rejoice that the old Europe has been publicly buried. But now "Life Without Father" begins. How does it look to the heir—Uncle Sam? A lot of his dependents would like to know.

The Care and Keeping Of the Great Alliance

DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

THE ALLIANCE between the United States and Great Britain has long looked like an inevitable fact of nature. Out of this alliance developed the wartime coalition of the United Nations, and out of that the organization of the United Nations as we know it today. Around this pillar of understanding it has been possible to arrange the strong beams and arches of agreement between other free countries. But an institution so firmly rooted incurs the danger that it will be taken for granted, that its inner workings will be neglected,



and that as a result it will be subjected to strains and stresses that it cannot bear.

Writing at the end of the Second World War, before the Soviet Union had emerged as a threat to the peace and years before Korea or NATO, Harry Hopkins could say: "If I were to lay down the most cardinal principle of our foreign policy, it would be to make absolutely sure that now and forever the United States and Great Britain are going to see eye to eye on major matters of world policy. It is easy to say that. It is hard to do, but it can be done and the effort is worth it."

Hopkins knew very well how hard it was to do. He knew that the alliance was not a natural phenomenon. His five years of dealing with Churchill and the British government on the problems of the war and the postwar settlement had been studded with clashes of national interest, misunderstandings, and disagreements over policy. But it had been possible to overcome all these obstacles, and the result furnished proof abundant that the "effort is worth it."

INDEED, the war period created habits of co-operation that persisted for a long time afterwards. In London and in Washington, officials of the economic and emergency agencies worked closely with their opposite numbers with a freedom lacking in the more formal traditions of the Foreign Service. This pattern of co-operation was revived as the administrative method of the Marshall Plan and became part of the mechanism of NATO. Another valuable custom of the wartime alliance was the conference of the heads of governments—the meetings, as circumstances required, between the Prime Minister and the President with their supporting staffs.

Such meetings, of course, have their drawbacks as well as their advantages; the glare of publicity that attends them can so inhibit the participants as to blight the exchange of views, or produce a propaganda stunt rather than a meaningful conference. However, when they were conducted in confidence and with sincerity and candor, such meetings had at least two peculiarly valuable characteristics. First, they brought together the politically responsible leaders of the two countries in a private atmosphere that encouraged the laying of the political cards on the table. Second, they encouraged a world view of the problems confronting the alliance.

During the war the common strategy was global, and in the postwar conferences it was customary to cover the same global territory. Even though this might be done in a somewhat rambling way, it related all the parts to the whole, and kept either partner from going it alone

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(except by agreement) in areas of particular concern to himself and from doing things that might injure the alliance in its greater interests.

Soothing the Backbenchers

When democratic countries are dealing with one another, it is important to have a place where the ruling politicians can meet and talk frankly to each other, not only as heads of their respective governments but as politicians. In the democracies there is a constant balancing of domestic political forces around each national foreign policy, threatening to affect, if not to change, the international course of the country. As statesmen, Presidents and Prime Ministers want to make binding agreements, with an assurance of continuity; as politicians, they want to win elections and to stay in power. Each lives in his own special political jungle, and from time to time each must emerge from it and tell the other how he is getting along there, and what he needs to survive if the alliance is to function successfully.

When Churchill met in Washington with Truman in January of 1952, for example, the two had considerable discussion of their respective political situations. Churchill, of course, brought his own historical dimension to any conference he attended; when he spoke, one could hear the overtones of great events and great purposes, and sense a deep faith in the English-speaking peoples. But like any good politician, he paid careful attention to his lesser political problems.

In January of 1952, having just taken office after the Conservative victory over the Labour Party, Churchill wanted American aid to lighten the economic burden of the defense program that had been assumed by the Labour government. Truman, for his part, was faced by the danger of a revival of isolationist anti-British feeling in an election year. The President jokingly warned the Prime Minister that he would not be surprised if by fall the Prime Minister were running in the Presidential election in this country in the same way King George V used to figure in Big Bill Thompson's campaigns for mayor in Chicago.

Churchill said he planned to propose a firm defense program in England, even though the people might turn his government out at any time. He added hopefully that the people in England were tired of electioneering, saying that it was a great strain when an election could be called at any time, that it was like walking under a tree with a jaguar on the limb waiting to pounce, but that he

thought the British were through with it for a while.

In all of this there was, of course, considerable fencing around—a probing, as it were, of the other fellow's political position. Churchill, at that time, did need some help to keep the British dollar reserves from dwindling to nothing, but he was in little real danger of a political revolt over the British defense program. And Truman's foreign-policy liabilities lay, as he knew, in the Far East rather than in the Atlantic Alliance. Nevertheless, it was important for them to exchange their views on their respective political limitations, because no other officials could have done it for them.

Our Foreign Service officials always wind up by talking about "my government," how it can't do this or that. At the Foreign Service level there is no comeback—discussion stops at that point. The U.S. diplomat can also bring in the equally effective discussion snuffer that "*We* would like to do so-and-so, but Congress would never stand for it." But for the President and Prime Minister it is possible to go beyond these limits, and state frankly what the chances are of leading domestic public opinion in one way or another, or even of getting Congress or Commons to go along with something new and different. Thus when the responsible heads of the governments meet, the American-British alliance can touch the basic political realities in both countries and move with an understanding of the popular forces as well as the diplomatic forms.

On the British side, the Opposition is sometimes not as important a restraining influence as the government's own backbenches. Possible dissidence in his own party's ranks is a spur that will make any British Prime Minister kick and plunge and even jump the traces, unless he gets some help to crush or placate it.

Churchill had such a backbench problem at the time of his Washington visit in January, 1952. The issue was whether the NATO naval forces should be under a single commander, as the NATO land forces were in Europe, or whether they should be governed by separate national commands co-ordinated by a joint body.

The preceding Labour government, in preliminary talks in NATO, had agreed to a single command—and because the United States had the larger naval forces, this meant that the Royal Navy would be commanded by an American officer. Churchill deeply desired to be released from this Labour commitment. He said that he was publicly committed to another position and this was of major political importance in his own country. In brief, the Labour Party might agree to put Britannia, the Ruler of the Waves, under an American admiral, but the leader of the Conservative Party could not assent to it. And yet the Former Naval Person was unwilling to stage an open fight on the issue in the appropriate forum—the NATO Council—which could reconsider the matter and set up other arrangements. This, he said, would involve the United States and Britain in "an open dispute"—there would be lobbying on both sides among the other nations of NATO to secure adherence to "our respective points of view." This would weaken, he said, the unity of the two nations and create an unpleasant situation. (Here, as so often, was expressed an underlying assumption of

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the great alliance as it used to be, namely, that differences between the two partners should be settled in family conclave and not be brought before the multinational bodies—NATO or U.N.—that they had helped to create.) Besides, Churchill added, the United States had a better "lobby" in NATO than the British.

Truman and the American officials at the conference were firm and unyielding—the single command had to go through—but they were not morally indignant over Churchill's attempt to get out of the Labour government's commitment, nor were they indifferent to his domestic political difficulties.

Churchill, at the last session of the conference, after he had given in, produced a draft statement that he desired to issue in his name, designed to show that he had yielded unwillingly and not until he had scored some points for England. He said he had to make such a statement and that he could not stay in public life if he did not. Secretary of State Acheson suggested a better statement; Churchill agreed to consider it. American and British officials then withdrew and drafted a paragraph that would clarify the situation and help Churchill at home. To the old statesman's satisfaction this was issued for immediate release, not as his personal defense but as a joint statement of the conference.

Preserving Unity

Much more pressing were the backbench motivations in the Attlee-Truman meetings in Washington in December, 1950. The proximate cause of these meetings was the sensational newspaper treatment of President Truman's necessarily ambiguous reply to a press-conference question about the use of the atom bomb in Korea. This served to set off a debate in the House of Commons that sharpened basic differences between British and American attitudes and policies toward the Far East.

As long as the military operations were going well, these differences were not too important, but when the Chinese poured over the Yalu and military triumph turned into apparent disaster, the differences became fraught with possibly serious consequences. The British thought the Red Chinese were Titoist. They wanted to admit Communist China to the U.N. and turn Formosa over to the mainland Chinese. With the Chinese now waging full-scale war on the MacArthur command, their impulse was to liquidate the whole Korean enterprise. The mere mention of the possibility that the atomic bomb might be used in Korea stirred up a clamor that America was pursuing the wrong course and a protest that Britain was being drawn into disaster as an unwilling and unconsulted partner.

The debate was pushed from Labour's own backbenches by Aneurin Bevan, playing on all the old pacifist, anti-capitalist, and anti-American sentiments of the Labour Party tradition. It was vigorously joined, however, by Churchill, Eden, and R. A. Butler. Attlee clearly faced a political threat, and he silenced the uproar only by announcing that he was going to Washington to confer with Truman.

Looking back on this particular crisis, one feels that the clash of policies was as serious as the recent American-British differences over Suez. The Attlee government could have led a revolt in the U.N. against American leadership that would, no doubt, have helped the Labour Party

politically at home and left us holding the bag in the Far East. As a matter of fact, all the differences of opinion were not reconciled at the Truman-Attlee meeting—on the seating of Red China there was only an agreement to disagree—but unity of action was preserved. It took considerable effort on both sides.

Truman had no backbenches, but he and Acheson were clearly circumscribed by political pressures. Acheson pointed out to Attlee that no American Administration could be isolationist in the Pacific and at the same time interventionist in the Atlantic, and Truman summed it up by saying that the United States could do nothing abroad without solid backing at home. We couldn't back out of the Far East; the American people wouldn't stand for it. And on a social occasion during Attlee's visit, Truman felt free to go further and to explain to the Prime Minister about "the men composing the Senate opposition who seemed to be violently determined to disrupt the nation's foreign policy . . . and who thought a British Prime Minister was never to be trusted but Chiang Kai-shek could do no wrong."

ONE REMEMBERS the days of that conference in the White House as a period of tension and gloom. The news from MacArthur posed a choice between military catastrophe and a widening of the conflict, with unforeseeable consequences. Congress and the press were excited and critical. The hurried circumstances of the Attlee visit suggested that the U.S.-British alliance was coming apart. And then personal tragedy moved in to add its emotional burdens; Charlie Ross, the President's oldest friend and the most universally loved member of the White House staff, fell dead at his desk.

Yet even in the gloom, the old co-operative habits of the alliance persisted. There was a night-long conference between the American and British staffs at the State Department working on the draft communiqué that was to summarize the conclusions of the meeting. It was a conference of friends, each side making concessions to the other's peculiar domestic political sentiments and problems.

Truman never deviated from the concept that the alliance would continue unimpaired. Reporting to the National Security Council a few days after Attlee had gone home, he stressed "the importance of working closely with the British, for it was only in co-operation with them that

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the power of the United States could make itself felt fully, both in the Pacific and in the Atlantic."

Truman himself, of course, provided the bedrock of decision on which agreement could be based. He took chances. Speaking to Attlee, he explained that it was his hope "that we could hold the line in Korea until the situation improved the chances for negotiations" with the Chinese Communists.

"I admitted," he has explained in his memoirs, "that all my military advisers had told me that there was no chance to hold the line. But that I still wanted to try." Events proved him right in this. And he was equally firm in grasping the other horn of the dilemma, that there would be no unlimited war against China.

What brought agreement on those principles was, more than anything else, the fact that both sides were taking a global view of their problems. The communiqué stated, in its diplomatese, "Clearly, decisions regarding the Far East have their repercussions and effects elsewhere." Europe was endangered by the Communist threat, and it would not do to be sucked into a Far Eastern war and let Europe go undefended. And as Acheson said during the meetings, "We ought to get the military power and strength to keep this sort of thing from happening in the future." As a result the communiqué gave its strongest emphasis to the building up of the defense program by both sides. On this there was complete agreement. But this build-up was conceived of as an effort of the alliance, for the defense of the Atlantic Community, and to support the integrated European army being planned in NATO. This armed force was not to be used without reference to the common objectives.

Understanding was also reached on the use of the atom bomb, the sensitive issue that had triggered the explosion in the House of Commons. When President Truman saw the first draft of the communiqué, which omitted reference to the atom bomb, he suggested a sentence to the effect that he and Attlee had reaffirmed their previous understanding that the atom bomb would not be used without "due consultation." The final wording of this part of the communiqué stated that the President hoped that world conditions would never call for the use of the atom bomb, and overcame the difficulties of using the word "consultation" by

stating instead that the President would keep the Prime Minister informed of all relevant developments.

Growing Disunity

Such were the ways of the great alliance in the days when it flourished—frank and personal dealings at the top between politicians, devoted and friendly staff work below, a global view of the interest and relations of the two countries, the unspoken assumption of the basic importance of the alliance to all the rest of the machinery for international peace, and the tacit understanding that neither side would attack the position of the other in an international forum if that could possibly be avoided.

Until the beginning of this year, at least the old forms were observed. Eden came to Washington at the end of January, 1956, and the newspapers reported that there were conferences at the White House. There was a communiqué entitled "The Declaration of Washington," more magniloquent if less newsy than the carefully worded and haggled-over documents that came out of the Attlee or Churchill conferences. (One remembers with nostalgia Churchill's saying that as a general rule the less the press was told the better; however, since he had once been a journalist himself he would like to see whatever went out to the press. He refused adamantly to approve the use in the communiqué of the newfangled word "Iran" for the classical "Persia"—to the consternation of the State Department.)

Although forms have been followed of late, perhaps the substance has gone out of them. But at the height of the crisis, when the two great nations were most desperately in need of consultation with each other, we were told that the United States would not welcome a conference, presumably because it might diminish our tenuous popularity among the Arab states. Less than five years ago, however, at the Truman-Churchill conference in the White House, we wrangled with the British over Egypt and Suez and Palestine (as Churchill insisted on calling it) and the proposed Middle East Command—and agreed to act together and in concert on such thorny issues. And these issues were never dealt with in isolation, but only in the context of English-speaking interests around the globe, and as one of many elements in the great common task of strengthening the West.

WHAT has happened? For years we have been successful in hammering out a joint policy with the British even where our basic interests were widely divergent. How did the schism develop? Was it of a sudden, or did it result from a longer failure to give adequate attention to the care and nurture of the great alliance?

The country is unused to such diplomatic catastrophes at the very heart and center of our foreign policy, and we hardly know how to proceed. Certainly, if there was ever a subject requiring investigation by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, this is it. But we need to go further than mere Congressional inquiry. In a matter as grave as this, we need to demonstrate public support for the traditional features of our foreign policy. To take a precedent from the days before the last war, perhaps we need a Committee to Defeat Communism by Preserving the Atlantic Community.

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'Or to Take Arms Against a Sea of Troubles . . .'

R. L. BRUCKBERGER, Dominican

THE PEOPLE of the world are sick and tired from the wars they have fought and live in dread of the wars that may come. Any nation that makes war can count on world-wide condemnation. Israel, France, and Britain found that out. Yet the fact that the world condemned them is not in itself proof that they were guilty when they went into Egypt. And if they were right, perhaps the moral isolation in which they stand is not unbearable. France and Britain were nearly alone when they declared war on Hitler in 1939. By the summer of 1940, Britain was alone. De Gaulle in London was even more alone.

Scripture speaks of "a time of war, and a time of peace." But nowhere does it say that there can be a time for justice and a time for injustice. This implies that a war to abolish injustice is not sinful. It implies that it is sinful to commit or tolerate injustice even for the sake of peace. The remark is not aimed exclusively at the United States. For years France and Britain and the rest of the world knew that Israeli ships had a right to pass freely through the Suez Canal and that Egypt was flagrantly unjust in denying that right. Until their own national interests were at stake, France, Britain, and the rest of the world tolerated that injustice.

NEUTRALITY has no loftier moral basis than war. More often than not it has less. I was ashamed to be a Frenchman the day of Munich. I was proud that I was French in September, 1939. I was ashamed again when Pétain ruled. I was proud again with De Gaulle. Nothing in the world is worse than a certain kind of peace. Nothing rots a nation's conscience more than a certain kind of peace. From a moral point of view, it must be said again and again that there can be no legitimate peace without justice, and that although there can be justice in time of peace, there can also be justice—sometimes to a heroic degree—in time of war.

AS A FRENCHMAN and as a moralist by profession, I must say—with due respect and admiration for the person and functions of the President of the United States—that Mr. Eisenhower was gravely in error when he declared: "In all the recent troubles in the Middle East there have, indeed, been injustices suffered by all nations involved. But I do not

believe that another instrument of injustice—war—is the remedy for these wrongs." One shudders at the thought that the foreign policy of the most powerful nation in the world is based on the conviction that war—every war, under no matter what circumstances—is in itself an act of injustice. Such a conviction is not only immoral but demoralizing.

It is very fortunate that when President Eisenhower proclaims it, he is not entirely believed. For if the world really believed that the United States is henceforth totally incapable of going to war, then whatever the President might say would have no greater influence on world affairs than advice from the Prince of Monaco—advice which, because he is a man of good taste and well brought up, this pleasant prince would certainly not offer. One of the major misfortunes afflicting the democratic nations is that people are beginning to suppose that President Eisenhower actually believes what he says.

When Sir Anthony Eden stood up against the Labour Party and obstinately asserted that no government could eliminate the possibility of force without simultaneously abdicating its duty to justice—not to mention its own sovereignty—the plain fact is that he was dead right. These two conflicting views of morality lie at the base of the present difference among the Allies.

Force and the Law

There is great danger in the present confusion about the meaning of that wonderful concept, international law. Is its primary aim to maintain or re-establish justice, and consequently to maintain or re-establish a just peace? Or should it serve to maintain peace at any price—no matter what kind of peace, whether founded on justice or injustice?

In 1831, after the Russians had crushed a Polish rebellion, a French statesman blandly announced: "Order reigns in Warsaw." Soon there may be another communiqué: "Order reigns in Budapest." And in such order there is indeed peace. But who can applaud such a peace and the law of steel and fire that establishes it?

If the United Nations becomes the instrument of absolute pacifism, then it is useless to think of it in terms of international law. It becomes instead a tool for any nation that breaks international law, defies justice, and then seeks exemption from punishment. If, on the other hand, the U.N.'s duty is above all to see to it that justice and the international law which codifies it are respected, then it must be given power of enforcement—for there can be no law without enforcement.

JUSTICE is the central issue. Civilization is rooted in justice. Peace is only the fruit of justice. There are times when we must ask ourselves whether it is better to cut down the tree in order to save the fruit or to leave the tree standing even if we must lose the fruit of a season. But if we sacrifice the tree for the fruit of a season there will never be any fruit again.

The tree must be left standing. Justice, even if it costs a war, must be preserved. When a society is still new and primitive, when authority is too weak or too far away or absent entirely, the duty of law enforcement falls on whatever local authority or even upon whatever individual citi-

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zen has the power and the opportunity to curb the criminal. In taking that action the individual does not abolish or diminish the prestige and the power of the higher authority. On the contrary, he prepares a path for that higher power. This is the basic outline of history. Americans must be more aware of it than many others since that is how they made their nation.

THE U.N. is still only a promise. Its authority is still too weak or too far away or absent entirely. But in the meantime there must be justice. What does all this lead to? It may lead to the conclusion that Eden was right when he maintained that the action taken by France and Britain actually served the deepest interests of the U.N. An American magazine violently opposed to the French and British action in Egypt has admitted that it may nonetheless make it possible "to resettle the one million homeless Arab refugees, redraw and demilitarize the hostile boundaries, and perhaps even create a U.N. army to police them. An end must be put alike to Arab fear of Zionist expansion and Jewish fear of Arab massacres."

It is quite true that all these problems may come to be solved. And thanks to whom? thanks to what? Certainly not to the U.N., which for ten years has not been able to solve them. Certainly not to that curious sort of American pacifism which has prevented the problems from even being considered. If the possibility of solving them is now at hand it is entirely due to the military action taken by Israel, France, and Britain. It remains to be seen, of course, whether the U.N. prefers to establish a just peace or to save a dictator. And if, as is quite possible, no just

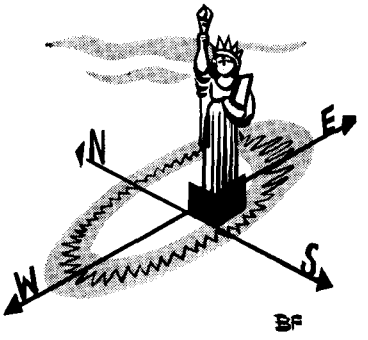
peace is established in the Middle East and none of that region's problems are solved, it will be because the U.N. and the United States prevented Israel, France, and Britain from carrying their military action to a positive conclusion. That is the plain truth, and who will deny it? Only those who serve the cause of justice serve the cause of peace with clean hands.

IT IS in terms of justice that one must judge Israel, France, and Britain—not just in terms of preserving peace. Justice is above the strong and the weak, the big and the little. All nations are bound by justice. There is no reason to conclude that Nasser, merely because he is weaker than France and Britain, necessarily has justice on his side. According to that reasoning, it would no longer be a just cause but weakness that would put a nation in the right. No advantage is obtained by reversing the old dictum "Might makes right." In 1950 the United States was mightier than North Korea and even Communist China and yet had right on its side. Right has nothing to do with strength or weakness.

The Need to Be Loved

Republican or Democratic, in peace or in war, the United States seems to me to have a foreign policy that is essentially sentimental. This sentimentality oscillates between opposite poles: a deep and sublime indifference to the national destiny of other peoples and a no less deep and sublime need to be loved. And then suddenly, since the United States all the same belongs to this world which it does not like but by which it passionately desires to be liked, America's own national interests come into the picture. America's reaction is then no longer sentimental, because it springs from the instinct of self-preservation. That is why within the span of a few years and sometimes through the same spokesmen, America threatens the world with "massive retaliation" and then deluges it with declarations of absolute pacifism. These attitudes are equally alarming. German cities are pounded to rubble. Japanese cities are destroyed by the atom bomb. Then, almost without transition, Germany and Japan become America's closest friends. As soon as the United States has made an ally of a nation, that nation is forgotten, and the United States hastens to court its worst enemies. Staunch friends are neglected in order to win over neutral nations, even nations that are professionals of betrayal.

The United States waged war on two immense fronts, across two oceans, and on three continents at the same time, displaying both a generous heroism and a prodigious industrial genius. It won the war everywhere, freed nations everywhere in triumphant garlands as if it were binding flowers together. Then, all at once, it disdained the



victories it had won, leaving them to the mercy of birds of prey and wild beasts. At Yalta, the United States signed without really knowing what it was doing. Now it weeps over Hungary. Incoherence? No. But the coherence is not that of reasoning—it is the coherence of anguish. With all its wealth and power, the United States is alone in the world, fears its solitude, and trusts neither itself nor anyone else.

I THINK I understand why the Suez affair has proved so irritating to the United States. Because of Russia's constant threat to America's security, nothing can happen anywhere in the world without America being obliged to intervene. Things have reached the point where it will soon be impossible for two men to fight it out over a girl in some Brazilian jungle or the Sahara Desert without their quarrel turning into a Russian-American conflict. Russia likes quarrels and is happy that this should be so. But the United States is very unhappy about it. The fact is that people will not stay quiet merely out of respect for America's peace of mind. Of course France and Britain hoped that Russia had too much trouble on its hands to interfere in the Middle East. But Russia got into the act there anyway. And so Washington immediately felt

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compelled to alert the Mediterranean Fleet.

ISRAEL, France, and Britain did not attain their essential objectives. The Russian threat, pacifist American pressure, and world opinion in the U.N. brought them up short. They came close to success, but they failed.

This failure might have been expected to please the United States. But it didn't. It is all too apparent that the problems of the Middle East have not been solved. Russia has shown itself far more enterprising than anticipated. We can only hope now that Nasser and the Russians will not make use of the peace that the United States has imposed to drive the western nations out of the Middle East, crush Israel, and cut the French to bits in North Africa. Should that occur, Israel and the North African French can count, I suppose, on American compassion together with enormous convoys of Red Cross supplies. Twelve years after Yalta, these are the only gifts the people of Hungary find themselves entitled to.

What we have witnessed during the last few weeks is a new Yalta for the Middle East and, in Hungary, the consequences of the old Yalta. Of course, America disclaims all responsibility.

France and Britain have had a bitter experience. But at least they have seen it through to the end. They have had to drink the cup of national humiliation to the dregs. For the first time they have learned, not theoretically but by hard experience, that between the United States and Russia they can henceforth expect to be no more than satellites. As sovereign nations they acted on their own, but they could not finish the job as sovereign nations. They had to call their action off. The Russian threat brought them back, docile and submissive, within the American orbit.

What has been gained for the U.N.? International law was mobilized in the defense of Nasser's precious dignity at the very moment when that international law was proving incapable of doing anything about Hungary. It was irony, unconscious perhaps but nonetheless cruel, for President Eisenhower to select

that precise moment in history to state: "We cannot, in the world any more than in our own nation, subscribe to one law for the weak, another law for the strong, one law for those opposing us, another for those allied with us. There can be only one law . . ."

Hurrah for Nasser! Too bad for Hungary. Israel, France, and Britain are stopped short. Nothing is done about Russia. Why? Could it be, after all, that there *are* two laws?

A New Chivalry?

The paths now open to France and Britain are not too numerous. They can accept being passive satellites, obedient to the State Department's every call, impotent witnesses while Africa is divided up between the United States and Russia in the name of anti-colonialism. If they choose to play that role, everyone will despise them, they will despise themselves, and they will play it badly.

Or they can choose to create a United Europe, immediately and completely. If there had been such a Europe, the Hungarians might not have been crushed. Nasser could not insult such a Europe with impunity, Russia would not be threatening it, the United States would have to respect it. We Europeans are perishing through our sins of omission. If we make that Europe, it will become strong and, one day or another, it will inevitably break the Atlantic Alliance and demand that the United States as well as Russia go home.

There is one further path, honorable for all concerned and immediately possible. But because America seems quite unlikely to understand or even conceive what taking it would mean, it probably must be considered Utopian. I want to describe it anyway. It is that France, Britain, and the United States should give up the Atlantic Alliance, such as it has been and is, and proceed to rebuild it on an entirely new model. I am aware that the words I am going to use have unfashionable and archaic connotations. But the fact is that their historical meaning is both precise and noble. The words are "liege lord" and "vassal." In the feudal system the vassal gave his allegiance to his lord, and his lord bound himself to protect his vassal. The arrangement was honorable to both parties. The lord's enemies were, of course, the enemies of his vassal, but the important part of the relationship was the intensity with which the lord felt that anyone who offended his vassal offended him. America's pacifism, its inherent isolationism, and its desire to be loved by all the world prevent it from even imagining the advantage, the duties, and the honor of becoming liege lord of the West. But of course it's impossible to be a good feudal lord and be loved by everyone at the same time. Let's drop the idea.

WE ARE TOLD that if Russia attacked the West, America's answer would be instantaneous and massive. I would like to believe this: but I am not quite able to believe it any more. God grant that the Russians put more faith in such declarations than I do. For after all, the fact is that Russia is already and unceasingly attacking the West: arms to Egypt, arms to Syria, direct threats to Europe's economy, to Algeria, to Israel, to the entire Mediterranean. Russia is crushing the Hungarian rebels. The West is already deeply wounded.

'We Had Ten Full Years . . .'

When Cardinal Mindzsenty came out of prison, he wondered if the rest of the world had been able to sleep in peace during those long nights when Hungary was dying. I can assure His Eminence that we slept very well. What the so-called free world is free to do is to snore away as long as it likes, with its windows closed to the cry of those

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who are dying for freedom. What else can we do? The question should have been asked long, long ago if we were to have had an answer ready when events called for one. We have been telling these peoples to hope for freedom, telling them again and again never to abandon the hope of freedom. They are ever in our minds and hearts, we kept saying. And then when a nation rose up, furious and desperate, against its abhorred masters, we let it be crushed and did nothing. We did nothing because we did not know what to do. We had ten full years to find out what we could and would do on such an occasion. We have no imagination. When a foreign policy is not imaginative, it can only be mediocre, opportunistic, and confused.

THE MORNING I finished this article, I read a statement by President Eisenhower. I read it three times to make sure that I was not dreaming. The President said: "But I must make one thing clear: the United States doesn't now, and never has, advocated open rebellion by an undefended populace against force over which they could not possibly prevail." When the founders of the American nation rose against Britain, they were certainly not sure they would prevail. But they had in their hearts and on their lips a cry that the world came to respect and love: "Give me liberty or give me death." If America forgets how it came into existence, who else will remember?

I have had my say. I do not pretend to have written calmly. How can a man be calm when human freedom is so deeply threatened and so miserably defended?

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Lessons Of Hungary

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THOUGH I was on the Hungarian border when the vanguard of the century's latest exodus from fear came stumbling out of the sleet-flecked night to haven in Austria, none of the human tragedies I witnessed then or in the following days gave me quite such a doomsday chill as a report in the New York *Times* I read after my return here. It described the greeting accorded the first Hungarian refugees to reach the United States since the beginning of the recent revolution. While the sixty haggard exiles stood bareheaded in a November gale on the McGuire Air Force Base, Army Secretary Wilber M. Brucker ordered the military honor guard to raise high the United States national emblem and called upon the nation's new protégés to "make it your first act on American soil to applaud the American flag." Mr. Brucker then delivered a short speech aimed at impressing upon the refugees the difference between "the way the Soviet Union treats its colonies" and the liberty they would find in the United States.

"I want to initiate you," the *Times* quoted the Secretary as saying, "I want you to know what freedom is all about."

The notion that bureaucratic chair warmers in America are uniquely qualified to explain what freedom is all about to men who have been risking their lives for it abroad has been a weakness in American information activities since the early days of the OWI in the Second World War. From the viewpoint of a correspondent who covered some aspects of the revolutionary upheaval that is still rocking eastern Europe, what is really disturbing in Mr. Brucker's performance is the misconception it reflects about the dramatic challenge confronting United States foreign policy in Poland, Hungary, and elsewhere behind the Iron Curtain. United States officialdom seems to view the captive populations of Europe as being mentally and spiritually so benumbed by Communist propaganda that the advantages of freedom have to be explained to them in words of one syllable.

Where Are the Communists?

During a brief trip into western Hungary at the end of October I found out how complete a fallacy that is. I had known before I started that an overwhelming majority of the Hungarian people were opposed to the Communist régime. If I had not seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, however, I would not have believed the violence of the opposition to Communism that was manifested everywhere, or dared guess how close the national consensus came to national unanimity.

"What's happened to all your Communists?" I asked an intelligent young English-speaking doctor from Budapest whom I met at the government hotel in Györ.

"If you mean Kremlin Communists, there never were very many," he answered. "Less than two per cent of the population, mostly in the AVO [secret police]. And we have already killed off about half of them."

Few qualified observers estimate the proportion of the population responsive to Moscow direction in any of the satellites as much higher than two per cent. "Czechoslovakia may be an exception," I was told by an east European intellectual traveling in the West on a cultural mission for one of the People's Republics. "I

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have heard party people in Prague claim that nearly five per cent of the population supports the régime—but perhaps they are too optimistic."

One of the soundest French experts on Poland, just back from Warsaw, put the number of Moscow sympathizers there as a good deal less than one per cent. "An authentic Communist is as much a curiosity in Poland today as an authentic Bonapartist in France," he told me.

The definition of an authentic Communist is, of course, a troublesome problem to many U.S. authorities. Some Washington circles, it is reliably reported, felt that Secretary of State Dulles was getting a bit soft because on several recent occasions he has expressed the view that the various steps toward democratization of the régimes which occurred in Poland and Hungary last summer were the reflection of popular pressure rather than some elaborate Communist trick to fool the West.

"The State Department, like most of the Atlantic chancelleries, never believed that anything could happen in Poland—or in any other satellite country—that was not decided and stage-managed from Moscow," *Le Monde* remarked recently over the signature of its brilliant Polish correspondent Phillipe Ben. "It's not surprising in the circumstances that the West was so badly informed about the events which have taken place in Poland in the last few months and that for so long it refused to believe in the reality of the revolution taking place there."

Moving Too Fast?

Washington's exaggerated skepticism about the possibility of change behind the Iron Curtain may help account for the unfortunate absence from their posts of our mission heads in Warsaw and Budapest at the beginning of the recent revolutionary changes in these two capitals. It unquestionably underlies such contradictory reactions at the policymaking level as those noted in a dispatch of James Reston to the New York *Times* from Washington on October 24, the day after the initial outbreak in Budapest. Official Washington, Mr. Reston reported, was worried about the possibility that the anti-Soviet movements in Poland and Hungary might be moving too fast. At the same time the dispatch observed that officials likewise sounded a note of caution on the rather different ground that "The new governments in Warsaw and Budapest still are Communist régimes that are likely to come to terms with Moscow." In particular, Washington, according to Mr. Reston, feared that the new Polish and Hungarian régimes were likely to remain within the Warsaw Pact and maintain "a suspicious, if not hostile, attitude toward the West."

A few days later, I learned from a reliable U.S. official source in Europe, only the worry about the new régime in Hungary moving too fast persisted. It grew almost to panic when the legation in Budapest started getting official notes from the Hungarian Foreign Office stamped with the seal of the Magyar People's Republic from which some local expert in revolutionary protocol had painstakingly chiseled out the Communist hammer and sheaf of wheat in the center. The American chargé d'affaires was instructed to call on Premier Imre Nagy and urge him in effect to please maintain at least a slightly suspicious attitude toward the West until the Soviet forces were safely out of the country.

My informant did not say whether or not we specifically advised Nagy not to denounce the Warsaw Pact, but that appears to have been the implicit sense. But however grotesque it seems in the light of Mr. Dulles's original "liberation" policy, the appeal to Nagy not to de-Communize too fast was perfectly sound in the circumstances. The trouble was that it was made too late, without adequate authority behind it—and that it was canceled out by other official or unofficial American actions that tended to intensify the popular pressure in Hungary for a complete and immediate break with Communism.

The Cardinals and the Radio

Perhaps the most dangerous of these American actions running counter to the official policy of prudence was the understandable but unfortunate exploitation in the United States of Cardinal Mindszenty as the symbol of Hungarian resistance to Communism. The well-meaning efforts of private American admirers of the Cardinal, a fiery patriot and a courageous prince of the Church but a tragically inept politician, tended to build up his influence in Hungary at a time when it was being exercised most disastrously. Unlike his more astute Polish colleague, Cardinal Wyszynsky, who threw the tremendous power of the Church behind the Gomulka régime, Cardinal Mindszenty withheld his support from the Nagy government at its most critical moment and even helped undermine it by encouraging the untimely demands for legalization of the new Hungarian Christian People's Party.

American radio programs to Hungary, particularly those of the privately sponsored Radio Free Europe, likewise tended to nullify the go-slow policy that the State Department was urging on Nagy. On the basis of several talks with R.F.E. officials in Europe both before and after the downfall of the Nagy government, and in the light of comments made by Hungarian listeners to the station, I feel that much of the criticism directed against it stems from a misunderstanding. Many Hungarians unquestionably expected military aid from the United States and feel betrayed because they did not get it. It does not follow, however, that any specific R.F.E. broadcast held out false hopes. The mere fact that the United States over a period of years has encouraged the captive populations of eastern Europe to resist Soviet Communism engenders false hopes.

"For eight years the United States has been telling us through Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America to resist Communism," said a gaunt, bitter-voiced Hungarian freedom fighter I interviewed at the little Austrian border post of Nickelsdorf. "But when resistance finally

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leads to revolution you stand by and watch the damned Russian tanks shoot us down without lifting a finger."

After listening to a number of similar attacks by refugees on U.S. foreign policy and American broadcasts to eastern Europe, a young R.F.E. official with whom I visited a stretch of Austro-Hungarian border put his finger on what seems to me the heart of the problem.

"God knows we've tried to be responsible toward our listeners," he said. "We were just caught by surprise in Hungary. We thought these people had been taken in by Soviet propaganda, that they were demoralized, apathetic. Hell, we've been whipping a dead horse for months, maybe for years."

American broadcasts and other information activities in the satellite countries are probably still useful for a number of reasons, but the Hungarian and Polish revolutions clearly demonstrate that there is no longer any need to "expose" Communism behind the Iron Curtain. It has exposed itself. The most implacable enemies of Communism in the satellites have turned out to come from the social categories that were most intensively indoctrinated by the Communists: the youth, particularly students, and industrial workers. In Hungary, at least, these two groups supplied few listeners to Radio Free Europe, which was most popular among peasants, the dispossessed middle classes, and the elderly.

Judging from my own observations in Hungary and from talks with other correspondents who saw more than I did, western anti-Communist propaganda, like benzedrine administered to a patient who is already overexcited, can be positively dangerous to the western cause behind the Iron Curtain. In every European satellite there now appears to exist a potentially explosive situation. Local conditions and national temperaments are important factors—a current quip behind the Iron Curtain is that "the Hungarians are behaving like Poles, the Poles like Czechs, and the Czechs like swine"—but everywhere in the area any western imprudence could trigger off a mass uprising that would cost countless lives and destroy priceless political assets from the viewpoint of the free world.

AT THE BEGINNING of the Hungarian revolt, western radio programs, headed by those of the militant R.F.E., encouraged the formation of local revolutionary councils. These local "soviets" were mostly to the right of the Nagy government and even when they were headed by workers or other liberal elements often adopted extreme and wildly unrealistic positions. On November 1, for example, Henry Giniger of the New York *Times* reported from Miskolc in northeastern Hungary that Jozsef Kiss, chairman of the local revolutionary committee, had flown to Budapest to warn the government that unless it "acted to remove Soviet troops from Hungary and denounce the Warsaw Pact, the Miskolc area would no longer recognize its authority."

Radio Free Europe did urge the revolutionary committees to avoid plunging the country into anarchy, and generally called for co-operation with the Nagy government. The ineffectiveness of these appeals on listeners long conditioned to suspicion of any collaboration with Communists was demonstrated, however, by the decision of the newly formed Christian People's Party not to work with the Nagy government as long as "the Cabinet consisted of members who had compromised themselves." In spite of all warnings and appeals, the nationalist and rather conservative—though not fascist—elements that were dominant in the revolutionary committees throughout much of the country increasingly came out against any compromise with Communism, especially in western Hungary.

'Nearly Going Crazy'

"At first it seemed likely that the Hungarian revolution would degenerate into sheer anarchy," an official American observer in Budapest told me. "Later it became clear that the real danger was that it would swing too far to the right too fast."

I myself encountered a somewhat burlesque illustration of this grave problem during a talk with a Negro night-club entertainer from Montmartre who had somehow got herself stranded in Györ at the beginning of the revolution.

"I can't figure out what's happening and I'm nearly going crazy, so give it to me straight," she said. "Are you Americans taking over here, or is Hungary still a People's Democracy?"

From the viewpoint of the United States policy of discreetly encouraging evolution toward national communism on the Tito model in the satellites—the current, somewhat thin-blooded offshoot of the Administration's early "liberation" policy—the violence of the nationalist, proclerical, and anti-Soviet sentiments among the eastern European peasant masses so evident in Poland and Hungary poses some awkward problems. The threat to the Gomulka régime in Poland, the most promising variation so far on the national Communist theme, is acute in spite of the tactical skill manifested by its leaders and the political maturity of the Catholic hierarchy. A further complication is that though national Communism looks to the State Department like a reasonable interim formula for eastern Europe, it makes little sense today to many east Europeans, including left-wing workers and students. Even as an economic and social idea Communism is widely discredited in the Communist countries—including apparently Yugoslavia—because it is such a patent failure.

"If by socialism is meant the economic, political, and moral system imposed on Poland since 1945," observes Phillipe Ben in one of his articles for *Le Monde*, "the vast majority of the people don't want it. Why should workers be attached to socialism if they have to work two or three weeks to buy a pair of shoes of doubtful quality?"

One of the reasons for Gomulka's popularity with the Polish peasantry, according to Ben, is that he first fell into disgrace with Moscow

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for his opposition to collectivized agriculture, one of the most widely hated features of the Communist system throughout eastern Europe. The rigid centralized planning characteristic of Communist economic systems is almost as generally detested.

"One of the things all Hungarians are agreed upon is that they never want to hear of another Five-Year Plan," said a twenty-year-old student of Sopron University who described himself as a democratic socialist.

IN ALL the People's Republics, including Yugoslavia, there are, of course, certain features of the Communist system—e.g., land reform and nationalization of heavy industry—that seem genuinely popular, and there are important elements among the elite groups in all these countries that retain some measure of sentimental or intellectual allegiance to the broad principles of Marxist ideology.

"In a sense you can say it is the Soviets who are the national Communists, and the Gomulkas and Titos who are the internationalists," my young friend explained. "Gomulka and the group around him believe that they are helping along with Tito to launch a 'new International.' They think they are riding the wave of the future."

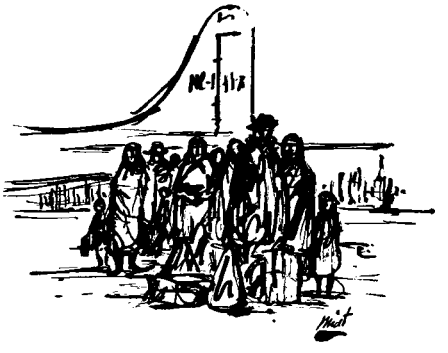
Conscience and Control

From the American viewpoint what seems most interesting in the talk of a "new International" led by the Gomulkas and Titos and Nagys is that it coincides with a double crisis in world Communism which reaches into the very heart of the Soviet empire.

There is first a crisis of conscience. According to reports from a number of trustworthy western observers in the U.S.S.R., the use of Soviet tanks to repress the Hungarian revolution has deeply troubled Soviet intellectuals, particularly students. In my own talks with Hungarian intellectuals I was struck by strong moral overtones to the hunger for freedom and hatred of police tyranny that they expressed. Months before the Hungarian revolution, even the more Communized satellites were rocked to their foundations by a kind of moral revolt against Communist degradation, sometimes disguised as mere criticism of "Stalinist errors." A Polish scholar attending a conference in Paris on the eve of the Gomulka revolution reported an almost incredible conversation with a high-ranking official of the Polish police in which the policeman had allegedly said, "Our job is to prevent crime, and a régime that makes us commit it is a criminal régime for which we will not go on working." A few days later, when Gomulka with the help of the secret police smashed the Soviet control apparatus in Poland, the quotation seemed quite credible.

As the foregoing illustrates, the crisis of conscience in the Communist world overlaps with a crisis of police control.

"The channels of control from the Kremlin to the satellite parties no longer function," one of the most authoritative east European experts on the staff of Radio Free Europe declared during a seminar in Munich that I attended just as the Hungarian revolution was getting under way. "That is only part of the story, however," he added. "The whole Soviet police system is rapidly decaying, at home and abroad. It no



longer functions as an effective machine, and it will remain ineffective unless or until a new Stalin concentrates power in his own hands and rebuilds it."

THOUGH it sounded extreme at the time, this diagnosis has been at least partially confirmed since by the Hungarian revolution, the numerous confirmed instances of defection, fraternization, or even mutiny among Soviet units employed in its repression, the student protests and demonstrations in the Soviet Union, and the continuing revolutionary agitation in Romania and Albania. Physical repression momentarily crushed organized rebellion but failed to destroy its roots because the Communist police system, like the Communist economic system, has lost its prestige. Terror no longer works.

The most striking demonstration of this is the Soviet failure to stamp out the Hungarian revolution and the apparently growing success of the revolutionaries in their primary objective of paralyzing the Kadar puppet régime. Not only do overt political agitation and passive resistance go on under the noses of the Soviets or the Kadar police, but the Hungarian Army, at last fully committed to the revolutionary struggle, operates as a clandestine resistance organization throughout the country and keeps sizable guerrilla forces in the field where the terrain is suitable. Recent refugees arriving in Austria frequently report mass crossings of the border protected and organized for them by the Hungarian Army. French students of revolution are particularly impressed by the effectiveness of the indefinite general strike in Hungary, in which they see an ironical vindication in the framework of Communist society of the old anarchosyndicalist strategy of revolution that has repeatedly failed in the capitalist world. Whether or not the neo-anarchists in Hungary have found the Achilles heel of the Soviet imperial tyranny, it now appears established beyond doubt that the Hungarian revolution which a month ago seemed to be drowning in blood has proved itself unconquerable, and that it will go on, probably through alternate phases of military "pacification" and political negotiation, to a triumph that may well prove the decisive victory of freedom in eastern Europe.

Perils of Prudence

In the light of this prodigious development, our somewhat vague and meandering foreign policy in eastern Europe not only needs to be firmed up and co-ordinated, but to be rethought. Encouraging the independent or semi-independent Communist régimes is a sound policy as far as it goes. Prudence, which has been the guiding principle of the State Department in confronting revolutionary turmoil within the Soviet empire, is certainly preferable to

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the reckless talk about "liberation" that we used to hear, but it is not enough, and even prudence can be carried too far. The extreme caution, not to say timidity, that has marked our handling of the Hungarian crisis illustrates, among other things, the paralyzing influence upon our diplomacy of our military reliance upon nuclear weapons. To an American observer who was present on the Austro-Hungarian border in the tense days that followed the menacing Bulganin note to the West, there was an obvious necessity for supplementing atomic retaliation weapons with plenty of conventional but highly mobile military forces in central Europe, capable of checking a stealthy infiltration before it became an invasion or of getting into the path of a coup before it could be brought off.

Above all, the United States, in the view of even the most sober European anti-Communists, should exert pressure upon the Soviet Union on behalf of Hungary, both in the U.N. and through diplomatic channels. In the early stages of the Hungarian crisis the State Department sent messages of reassurance to Moscow through Tito, a somewhat tactless but well-intentioned choice of intermediaries, disclaiming any intention of exploiting the situation against Soviet interests. These assurances, the Europeans point out, were not coupled with an authoritative warning of the grave consequences that Soviet repression in Hungary would inevitably have upon the post-Geneva policy of coexistence. Similarly our activity in the U.N. in support of Hungary had a platonic character that the Hungarians, as well as the French and the British, contrast with our vigorous stand against our Allies in the Suez affair.

A FEW WEEKS ago it was not easy to see just what the United States or the U.N. could have done for Hungary. In the light of the continued Hungarian resistance, however, some sober observers here are beginning to believe that if we really exert our leadership, Moscow can eventually be brought to accept the dispatch of an international police force to Hungary that would set the pattern for a peaceful decolonization of the Soviet empire.

Washington Runaround: Alaskan Statehood

A. ROBERT SMITH

POPULAR PRESIDENTS, like beautiful women, can easily be forgiven for changing their minds, especially if they do it often enough to come around to where you thought they were in the beginning.

This is an advantage that works for President Eisenhower in his frequently changing attitude toward Alaskan statehood. Although the past four years have seen Alaska's quest for statehood impaled time and again by White House-directed harpoons, Alaskans are ready to forget if only it is true, as authoritatively reported, that the President will open his second term with a recommendation that Congress admit Alaska, along with Hawaii, to the Union.

This would bring him right back where he was in 1950, when, as president of Columbia University, he said in a speech at Denver that prompt admission of Alaska and Hawaii to statehood would show the world that "America practices what it preaches."

After he entered the White House, Alaskans suffered disenchantment. In his first two State of the Union messages and his legislative recommendations, Mr. Eisenhower plugged hard for Hawaii, urging that it be granted statehood in time for the 1954 elections. But of Alaska there was no mention whatever.

The Republican Eighty-third Congress, responding happily, pushed a Hawaii bill through the House and sidetracked an Alaska bill. Then Senate Democrats, sensing that the White House might have an eye on gaining two G.O.P. Senators from Hawaii to strengthen its precarious grip on the Senate, made it a joint bill by adding Alaska, which would likely send Democrats to Congress. Mr. Eisenhower disclaimed any partisan considerations. He was just not prepared to recommend Alaska, he explained at a news conference a few weeks after taking office, because "It is more of a dependency than on a self-supporting level. . ."

If this negated his spirit of 1950, it conformed with the favorite line of statehood opponents that Alaska "isn't ready." Depending as he does upon a staff system, the President obviously had been competently coached to swing around a full 180 degrees without batting an eye. But by whom?

The Partition Plan

Douglas McKay, who as Secretary of the Interior administered much of Alaskan affairs, was personally for statehood, but the White House, he confided, had taken its stand without consulting him. And since McKay was more inclined to take his instructions cheerfully than to try to alter Administration policy from a predetermined course, that was that.

The mystery deepened in the spring of 1954. Two days after the Senate had passed a combined Alaska-Hawaii bill and returned it to the House for concurrence, the Presidentially appointed Governor of Alaska, B. Frank Heintzleman, publicly urged Speaker Joe Martin, who opposes statehood, to have the House partition Alaska into two regions, admitting the more populous section as a state and leaving the remainder as a territory. While such a scheme was once advanced by several anti-statehood businessmen at Nome, it was never seriously considered by most Alaskans. Heintzleman's inspiration came not from Alaskans, however, but from the White House via McKay, who by then was resigned to playing a soldier-in-the-ranks role.

The partition plan brought an explosion of protests from Alaskans. It served as ammunition for Congressional opponents of statehood, who could claim that Alaskans

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didn't know what they wanted. But the White House knew what it wanted, counting it a handsome victory when a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats choked off further statehood action in 1954.

Governor Heintzleman, it should be noted, is not an enthusiast for full statehood. The President's appointment of this career forester, who had had plenty of experience in Alaska but none of it in politics, was reportedly secured by Seattle-based commercial interests who have been statehood's most powerful foes.

Further conjecture about the mystery of the President's statehood turnabout was prompted by one of the big Seattle cannery operators in the Alaska salmon industry. "We've got you people stopped right up at the White House through Lucius Clay," he boasted to a statehood leader.

General Clay, a frequent adviser to the President, is chairman of the board of Continental Can, supplier to the huge Alaska canned-salmon industry. Alaskans saw in this circumstance an influence that had made the White House a fortress of opposition to statehood.

'Colonial' Alaska

The opposition of the salmon industry and other entrenched interests in the territory is characteristic of those who down through the centuries have prospered from special consideration from the mother country for profitable ventures in a distant colony. The special considerations they have obtained in "colonial" Alaska would vanish overnight under statehood, with the authority it would give Alaskans to bring about reforms they are now powerless to make.

In becoming Alaska's largest industry by thriving on its richest resource, the Seattle-based salmon operators have historically fought every step Alaskans wanted to take toward statehood and its attendant taxation powers. But their opposition to statehood is accelerated by the prospect of losing control of the fishing resource itself. Properly protected by sound conservation regulations, salmon should provide Alaska with a permanent source of economic strength. Alaskans claim that territorial fishing regulations, which are set by the Interior Department, have been more considerate of the wishes of the salmon industry than the conservation of the fisheries. They point out that the salmon catch has steadily declined from more than eight million cases annually two decades ago to 2,383,131 cases in 1955, the lowest catch in forty-six years.

Gruening's Case

So troubled are Alaskans by statehood blockades that have frustrated their hopes for equal political rights and the chance to conserve their resources that a year ago they drafted a proposed state constitution and in October elected two "Senators" and a "Representative" to go to Washington in January to lobby for statehood—a stratagem employed successfully by Tennessee, Michigan, Iowa, California, Oregon, Minnesota, and Kansas in their battles for statehood.

"Senator-elect" Ernest Gruening, a Roosevelt-appointed Governor of Alaska for fourteen years and the territory's most articulate statehood spokesman, said upon arriving in Washington to begin his new assignment that "the central issue in the statehood battle is colonialism."

Pointing to Alaska's declining salmon resource, he said colonialism is illustrated by continued Federal sanction of fish traps—huge mechanical devices, almost all owned by absentee interests, that squat over river channels to trap hordes of migrating salmon. Traps were long ago outlawed by state conservation agencies in the Columbia and Frazer River salmon areas of the Northwest to protect salmon from depletion. Gruening declared: "The people of Alaska have repeatedly and unchangingly manifested their overwhelming opposition to fish traps. But fish-trap beneficiaries, residents of the mother country, want to retain their Alaska traps. So the traps are retained. And it is the power and authority of the Federal government which retains them. In a clear-cut issue between the few, profiting, noncolonial Americans and the many, seriously damaged colonial Alaskans, the Stateside interest wins hands down."

Gruening said that another brake on Alaska's development has been applied by shipping interests from the port of Seattle, ocean gateway to the territory. Alaska is greatly dependent on water transportation for heavy freight because it has no rail link with the States, and its only truck link is the circuitous Alaska Highway, which fails to connect with many coastal cities. When Congress enacted the Maritime Act of 1920 to permit goods shipped across country for foreign destinations to be carried in either domestic or foreign vessels, the bill's sponsor, Republican Senator Wesley L. Jones of Seattle, was careful to insert "excluding Alaska," two words that to this day have effectively protected Seattle shipping interests against Canadian competition for the Alaska trade.

The practical result was seen in the case of a Juneau businessman who had found a Midwest market for Sitka spruce. By shipping through the Canadian port of Vancouver, his costs were $5 per thousand board feet of lumber. The Jones Act compelled him, however, to ship via Seattle, where he was charged $11 per thousand. Just as this discriminatory law wiped out his business, it has served as a deterrent to other Alaskan economic growth. When Alaskans tested this law, the Supreme Court found it truly discriminatory—but ruled that while discrimination against a state would be unconstitutional, Congress can legally discriminate against a territory.

Moreover, freight moving from the States to Alaska is charged substantially higher rates at Seattle than the same freight bound for Hawaii or the Orient—again, the effect of no competition in the States-Alaska commerce.

If Alaska were less blessed with natural wealth, it might have grown stagnant long ago under the burden of colonial treatment. Instead, it is surging ahead with what the Census Bureau reports as the fastest rate of relative growth in the U.S. Its population of 210,000 now approximates that of Nevada. Gruening predicts that Alaska, far from being "Seward's folly," will realize its potentialities in much the same way that Scandinavia, in an area strikingly similar in climate, topography, and resources, has developed to support a population of some fifteen million. He believes Alaska is already destined to be a strong state, whose wealth of timber, minerals,

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oil, natural gas, and fish will be the base for a husky economic growth—if Alaska is granted statehood.

New Grounds: Defense

After the Administration helped kill statehood in 1954 the Democratic Eighty-fourth Congress resumed the statehood debate early in 1955, only to find that the Eisenhower Administration had shifted its ground of opposition, high-tailing it away from any suggestion of either political or special-interest considerations. This time it was that most revered of all reasons, national defense. Asked for an explanation, the President told a news conference that anyone who looked at the map could see what the importance of Alaska, the Alaskan territorial expanse, was to the United States from a security standpoint. He was very deeply concerned as to the fate of all of those outlying areas that lay, let us say, west of the 150th meridian and, let's say, north of the Yukon or Brooks Range. Those regions were of tremendous importance, and he didn't think he should say any more than that.

But what made him think, he was asked, that a territory would be easier to defend than a state?

Well, he would say this: he didn't say it was easier to defend; he said it was easier to use, because, in one case, it was under the absolute control of the central government and in the other case it wasn't.

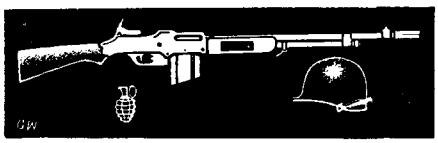
THIS WAS CONTRARY to what Congress up until then had been hearing from the nation's military leaders, including Air Force General Nathan F. Twining, former chief of the Alaskan Defense Command, who said that statehood would bolster the defense position of Alaska by stimulating its economic and population growth. As for defense strategy in this northern outpost, it had not changed since the military developed the "heartland" concept. This strategy dictated closing the naval base at Nome, which was considered vulnerable because it was only a few minutes' jet flying time from Siberia, and establishment of defensive airfields along a line running from Fairbanks to Kodiak Island across the heart of Alaska some six hundred miles distant from the U.S.S.R. In a word, the military had no intention of trying to defend Alaska at its far borders, but rather to rise to meet any attackers as they crossed the vast, undeveloped northwestern section.

Other endorsers of Alaskan statehood have been General Douglas MacArthur, the late Air Force General Hap Arnold, Admiral Chester Nimitz, and Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd. The only military witness who ever had questioned that statehood would be good for national defense was Rear Admiral Ralph N. Wood, who reflected the views of the salmon industry when he testified at a hearing. The strongest he would go, however, was to say that in his opinion "It makes no difference whether Alaska is a state or a territory as far as national defense is concerned."

'Difficult Questions'

But a word to the contrary from President Eisenhower sent the wheels of government opinion spinning into reverse.

In 1955 the State Department had endorsed statehood for Alaska and Hawaii, saying that to "fulfill the aspirations of the people of these Territories as expressed in popular referendums . . . would be in stark contrast to the policies of the Soviet Union, which practices a systematic



denial of political liberty in the areas where it exercises control."

But the State Department was obliged to inform Congress that it "defers to the judgment of the Department of Defense," which, as expressed by Secretary Charles E. Wilson, was that "it would be in the interest of the national security that Alaska remain in Federal Territory for the present."

Yet when Congress put Under Secretary of the Air Force James H. Douglas on the stand, it won this admission: "Perhaps the military is a little conservative in its approaches to changes. It finds it gets along well in the present situation. To say that the military cannot operate with state organizations would be ridiculous."

Ridiculous or not, that was the subsequent argument made by Mr. Eisenhower in a letter sent to Congressional leaders shortly before the House was to take up a committee-approved bill in the spring of 1955. He wrote: "Conversion of the Territory to a State cannot but raise difficult questions respecting the relationship of the military to the newly constituted State authority. Neither the nation nor Alaska could afford any impairment of the freedom of movement and of action by our forces in large areas of this critical region."

The military consideration, like the plea of the economic interests, seemed to boil down to "Let's not change the *status quo*."

Secretary McKay had said he understood that the President's objection might be met by isolating the far northern and western portions of Alaska and permitting the military to withdraw from public use any of the public lands north and west of this line. The House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee had supported this amendment for the bill and held its breath.

But President Eisenhower's letter cut the ground out from under McKay. With the usual promise to give his proposal "earnest consideration," the President declared, "I am in doubt that any form of legislation can wholly remove my apprehensions about granting statehood immediately." Republicans took the hint and statehood took its worst shellacking, 218-170, which killed it for another year.

What Now?

A few weeks ago, the new Secretary of the Interior, Fred A. Seaton, announced after conferring with Mr. Eisenhower that in January the Administration will for the first time give Congress an Alaskan bill agreeable to the President. Moreover, Governor Heintzleman, favorite of the anti-statehood forces, is on the way out.

With only the Southern Democrats intractably against statehood for fear new Senators would impair their filibustering strength, Congress will at last be able—if the President is willing—to show the world that "America practices what it preaches."

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The Arab World Since Sinai

RAY ALAN

IN THE first week of November the question being asked in the cafés of Beirut and Baghdad was: "How long can President Nasser survive, and who will succeed him?" By the end of the month the name in the question was that of Nuri es Saïd, Prime Minister of Iraq and symbol throughout the Middle East of imperialism by remote control. Barbers who had taken down Nasser's portrait were pinning it up again. His star, it was generally agreed, was once more in the ascendant. And since nature abhors a vacuum, it was taken for granted that, with British influence on the ebb, the influence of the Cairo dictator's Russian friends was bound to rise.

The prospect did not appear to arouse any great trepidation. Many Levantine Arabs who might have been expected to be apprehensive about Communism professed to see a silver lining in the Soviet cloud. Would not America be forced to outbid Russia, they asked, with economic aid and all the rest? Would it not be more profitable to be courted by two great powers than dominated by one impoverished second-rater?

Emotionally, the Levant thrives in this sort of atmosphere. What looks like a crisis in Washington, London, and Paris is regarded as good clean sport east of Alexandria. The United States, Russia, and Britain, like Egypt and Iraq, are merely rival teams; and President Nasser is spoken of, especially by the young, in terms reminiscent of those reserved by western adolescents for the luminaries of jazz.

Even a not so young and not so enthusiastic Lebanese Christian official told me: "There's no denying it—the man's a master. There he sits, like a sphinx, beside the Nile, smiling now to the Russians, now to the Americans, though never too long at either, and he has the whole world waiting on him. A superb performance! He'll keep the canal *and* get the U.N. to foot the bill for repairing the damage his sabotage has caused *and* receive an American loan to keep his economy afloat while he rebuilds his armed forces."

When I raised an eyebrow at this prediction, he went on: "The Americans have no alternative. First, there's his Russian connection with which he can always scare dollars out of Washington. And secondly, there's Aramco, the perfect hostage. One word from Nasser, and, whatever King Saud may say, the Jordanians will blow up their sector of the pipeline. I imagine that both Aramco and King Saud have reminded the State Department of that fact."

Military Doubts

More reflective observers are somewhat less impressed by the quality of President Nasser's performance. It was clumsy of him, to say the least, to proclaim his intention of exterminating Israel and then goad Israel into striking first and crushing his extermination force. And it was foolhardy to involve himself so deeply on two separate fronts—Suez and Israel—against opponents who could all too easily co-ordinate their reflexes.

A group of senior officers, including the commander of the Egyptian Air Force, questioned the wisdom of this double involvement in September. They were assured by Nasser's Director of Propaganda that there was no danger of an Anglo-Israeli get-together. The Israelis mistrusted the British too deeply; the British were too leery of offending the Arabs on the Israel issue—and he quoted the London *Times* and Foreign Office broadcasts in Arabic to underline the point. Major Salah Salem was put up to calm whatever doubts might be troubling more junior members of the military hierarchy on the same score. There was, he argued, no alternative to tackling Israel and the West simultaneously: "Could we ask Israel to sit still and wait for us to solve the Suez problem before we attack? Or could we ask Eden and Mollet to allow us to liquidate Israel before we liquidated their interests in the canal?"

IT IS dangerous for a dictator to be proved wrong—especially if he has subordinates around who can say, "We told him so," though since the November purge about fifty of Nasser's subordinates are no longer around. It is doubly dangerous for him to suffer military defeat. The Anglo-French intervention in the Suez Canal Zone provided a temporary camouflage for the Sinai debacle, and President Nasser's spokesmen made grateful use of it. His War Minister declared that Israel's part in the Sinai fighting was negligible: "But for Anglo-French assistance, Israel would have been defeated within seventy-two hours." His Propaganda Director said that it was the British who actually captured Gaza and then handed the town over to the Israelis five hours later. But here President Nasser is on slippery ground.

After the Egyptian Army's 1948 defeat at Faluja, in what is now southern Israel, the survivors were fitted out with new uniforms with distinctive patches and given a great victory parade in Cairo. The officers among them, including a youngster named Nasser, were decorated as heroes. Neither Radio Cairo nor the Egyptian press was allowed to report that as a consequence of Faluja and associated reverses, Egypt had signed an armistice with Israel. But in spite of everything the truth leaked out. Thus when Nasser and his friends seized power in 1952 they found it expedient to blame the Egyptian Army's 1948 defeat on faulty arms.

In Sinai last month more than four times as many Egyptian soldiers of all ranks witnessed their army's rout as at Faluja. Officers and civil officials who were not personally involved were able, in the privacy of their homes, to listen to reports broadcast by powerful British and Israeli transmitters and sup-

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ported, in Kol Israel programs, by interviews with Egyptian prisoners. Consequently, there can be few Egyptian state servants of any significance who are totally ignorant of the facts of the Sinai campaign.

President Nasser has, therefore, a compelling reason for wishing to demonstrate that he is still capable of converting military discomfiture into diplomatic victory.

Arab Grumblings

The Arab League "summit" conference in Beirut in mid-November—which brought together the Kings of Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Jordan, the Presidents of Syria and Lebanon, the Premier of Libya, and humbler representatives of Egypt, the Sudan, and Yemen—clearly doubted his ability to do so. The Egyptian representative insisted that there was no question of Nasser's allowing Israeli or Israel-bound shipping to pass through the Suez Canal. It was Nasser's intention that the U.N. restore to Egypt full control of the canal and then withdraw its international force unconditionally. The Egyptian spokesman also claimed that Nasser's diplomacy had lined up on the Arabs' side the three most influential states in the international community—the Soviet Union, the United States, and India: Russia and the United States as a consequence of the Soviet-Egyptian arms deal, India thanks to the President's skillful, subtle stimulation of Prime Minister Nehru's "desperate fear" of a Pakistani-Arab get-together on the issue of Moslem Kashmir.

The assembled kings and other dignitaries were not very impressed with the Egyptian spokesman's harangue. They chided one another for not taking up arms on Egypt's behalf, and signed a routine communiqué praising the valor of the Egyptian nation and denouncing Anglo-French-Israeli "aggression"; but they failed even to give Cairo the satisfaction of a unanimous diplomatic break with Britain.

The Iraqis denounced Nasser's "disruptive dealings" with the Russians and warned his Syrian friends very bluntly not to slip down the same slope. King Saud was apparently still disgruntled over Nasser's decision to nationalize the Suez Canal without prior consultation. In the lobbies, Saudi, Iraqi, and Lebanese officials alike expressed displeasure with Nasser's implicit assumption that the other Arab League governments should automatically approve whatever *fait accompli* he cared to spring upon them. The Libyans and Sudanese, attending their first conference at this diplomatic altitude, were naturally inhibited, but they seemed far from inconsolable at the thought that when the dust of Port Said had settled, their obstreperous, expansionist-minded neighbor might no longer be the predominant Arab League power.

Lebanon's President Camille Chamoun walked out of the conference on its final day and dismissed his pro-Egyptian Premier (who had threatened to resign unless Lebanon broke off relations with Britain and

France), appointing a pro-western Cabinet in which the post of Foreign Minister went to Harvard graduate Charles Malik.

Upon returning to Amman, King Hussein of Jordan warned his anti-British "National Socialist" Cabinet that the Arab tide was no longer running in Cairo's favor. Premier Suleiman Nabulsi promptly announced that, for technical reasons, abrogation of the Anglo-Jordan treaty would now have to be delayed.

Within a week, however, he had corrected himself. The treaty would be abrogated after all. He also declared his intention of establishing diplomatic relations with Communist China. Radio Ramallah, the Jordan government broadcasting station, announced that it would henceforth take news from the Soviet agency Tass. Communist Party activities, hitherto concealed behind a "National Front" label, were legalized.

The U.N.'s evident desire to help President Nasser save face had strengthened his international position. Rigorous security measures had reinforced his internal authority. Nevertheless, in the Arab world his Saudi and Jordanian allies had begun to waver, and Iraq and Lebanon were openly defiant.

Tension in Baghdad

Then the sterling equivalent of eighty thousand dollars was sent from Cairo, through the Jordanian-owned Arab Bank, to the Egyptian Embassy in Baghdad. A comparable sum was sent to Beirut. As if by magic, a wave of agitation, street riots, and bomb incidents followed. There were even attempts on the lives of President Chamoun and Premier Nuri for which responsible Lebanese and Iraqi officials openly blamed Egyptian agents. During the last ten days of November there was a tense internal security struggle in both countries.

Two slum quarters of Baghdad saw an eight-hour pitched battle between demonstrators and the police. After similar disturbances in the oil-producing Mosul area, martial law was proclaimed there. Twenty-three leading Iraqi politicians, most of them former Ministers, were prevailed upon by pro-Egyptian delegations to sign a petition to King Feisal urging the dismissal of Nuri Pasha, the formation of a truly "national" (that is, anti-western) government, and the rupture of diplomatic relations with Britain. Nuri's reply to this was to extend martial law over the whole country and suspend Parliament (its majority hand-picked, anyhow) for a month.

As this is written, tension is almost tangible in Baghdad. From time to time armored cars and jeeps whine down the few main streets.

The police—steel-helmeted, unsmiling—are facing their severest test since their reorganization under a new chief, General Khaleb, commander of the tank force that reimposed order on the capital after the 1952 riots. At General Khaleb's elbow is a British officer who learned how to handle situations like this in the Far East. High above the heads of police and mob alike is the sardonic Nuri, displaying once more all the breathtaking expertise of the born tightrope walker.

Syria alone, for all its notorious

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fickleness, has remained loyal to Nasser, in its fashion, throughout this period of tergiversation. During the Anglo-French action in the Canal Zone, at the specific request of the Egyptian War Ministry, the Syrian Army (without consulting the civil government) blew up three desert pumping stations on the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline from Kirkuk to the Mediterranean. Iraqi officials attribute this action to a Soviet-Egyptian plot to undermine the economies of both western Europe and Iraq. Otherwise, they ask, why should the Egyptians have made such an extraordinarily thorough job of blocking the Suez Canal?

Be this as it may, Soviet tankers appeared off the Syrian coast with surprising celerity and pumped oil into storage tanks at Banias to replace that which Syria would otherwise have received from the Iraq Petroleum Company.

MIGS at Aleppo

Other Soviet ships have been seen in Syrian waters in recent weeks, off the still incomplete port of Latakia, which was to have been one of the showpieces of the former Shishekly régime. From a Syrian source I learned that, on an average, one such ship called at Latakia weekly during October and November; Iraqi officials, quoting Turkish naval intelligence reports, say the average was two a week. British official estimates of their total cargoes vary from 120 to 150 tanks and 250 to 300 armored cars and troop carriers.

MIG jet fighters, including MIG-17s, are known to be jostling one another for space on Aleppo and Homs airfields, but it is not yet clear whether the pilots who fly them in remain in Syria or return to the Soviet Union. British officialdom states categorically that Syria now holds more MIGs than Syrian-born pilots to fly them. The explanation may be that many of the Soviet pilots do remain in Syria, augmenting the small international force of pilots (mainly German and Italian) that Syria already employs; or it may be that the MIGs are merely being "stored" on Syrian airfields—like the strategic reserve of aircraft and tanks destroyed by the British, French, and Israelis in Egypt—for use by Soviet "volunteers" (or worse) at a future date. Some MIGs were flown in from Egypt to escape destruction by the British and French and will presumably be returned when the Allied withdrawal is complete.

Since Syria became independent, just over ten years ago, most of its governments have been made and unmade by successive commanders of what used to be the country's only armored brigade, stationed on the northern outskirts of Damascus. The sudden transformation of the Syrian Army wrought by massive imports of Soviet matériel has shattered this virtual monopoly of power. Today, every strong-willed district governor or garrison commander with tanks and armored cars at his disposal is potentially a law unto himself, and in effect the military commanders of the districts of Aleppo, Latakia, and Homs are politically independent of the increasingly ineffectual civil administration in Damascus. Their local authority is strengthened by the pathetic weakness of the nominal head of state, President Shukri al-Kuwatli. Shukri Bey has already been chased into exile once by a military *coup d'état*, and so far as he is concerned, what the army says goes from now on.

There is, however, one important unifying influence in the Syrian Army: the powerful, pervasive security service, built up by the ousted dictator Adib Shishekly and liberally supplied with secret funds even by his successors. Its efficient and intelligent chief is Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, a friend of Syria's Kurdish Communist Party chief, Khalid Begdash, and of the apprentice Machiavellians who head the allied Baath ("Resurrection") and Arab Socialist Parties. It is primarily the Serraj-Begdash-Baath alliance that is responsible for propelling Syria in the Kremlin's direction today.

Thanks to Colonel Serraj's influence, there has been a good deal of pro-Communist "infiltration" within the Syrian officers' corps. On the civil side, progress (from the Communist point of view) is held up for lack of a sufficiently weighty, sufficiently popular figure around whom the pro-Communist parties can rally to form a government of national union.

Nuri vs. Nasser

Here one is at the core of the Syrian problem—and of the much vaster regional conflict of which it is now the center. Syria, whose heartland is a desert, is doomed by geography to be the plaything and at times the battleground of its richer, more homogeneous neighbors. Possession of Syria would give Iraq the Mediterranean outlet Nuri and the Hashemite royal family have so long desired. But for Marshal Bulganin's bluster about rockets and "volunteers," Nuri would undoubtedly, with British approval, have used the Syrian Army's pipeline sabotage as an excuse for marching in. Other methods of influencing Syrian politics are, of course, still open to Nuri. The Hashemites have already organized one successful coup in postwar Syria. An arms consignment of Iraqi origin was intercepted in southern Syria in the last week of November. But Iraqi hopes of effecting an *Anschluss* have undoubtedly faded.

Meanwhile Nasser goes on trying to overthrow Nuri before Nuri overthrows his Syrian allies. Success would reward him even more handsomely than Nuri. It would in all likelihood bring Iraq, too, under his hegemony, at least temporarily. Nasser would then control the source of much of western Europe's oil as well as its Suez and Syrian arteries. In such a "situation of strength" he could extort from the West whatever ransom he might choose to demand. Israel's days would be numbered.

But an even greater peril will remain inherent in this struggle for the Levant so long as the Soviet Union maintains its present involvement. Responsible Syrians assure me that any western attempt to expand the Baghdad Pact—already sufficiently calamitous, one would have thought—will almost certainly provoke Damascus into concluding a formal Syrian-Soviet defense pact. This possibility should inspire caution in the West, even among incurable pactomaniacs. Such are the volatility and irresponsibility of Levantine politics that Damascus could be the Sarajevo of 1957.

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Immigrants, Visitors, And Legal Roadblocks

JUDITH LAIKIN

In 1954, a G.I. requested Army permission to marry his English sweetheart. After determining that the young lady was a suitable bride for an American serviceman, his commanding officer approved the request. The Hogans started their married life on one of our overseas defense bases. They had a child, who under United States law was an American citizen by birth.

A year after their marriage, Sergeant Hogan was ordered back to the United States for discharge. Mrs. Hogan applied for an immigration visa so that she could make her home in America with her husband and child. In the course of her visa application, medical examination revealed a tubercular spot on her left lung.

Today, Hogan is holding down two jobs in Philadelphia and living in bachelor lodgings. He sends his earnings to his wife and infant daughter in England. When he is able, he puts some money by, because his only hope of bringing his wife to this country is by persuading the Congress of the United States to pass a special law for her. To do this, he will need—besides whatever advice and pull he can muster—$1000 cash on the barrelhead.

The Hogans' plight is not unusual. In executing the provisions of Public Law 414—Eighty-second Congress (the Immigration and Nationality Act) our consular officers abroad are forced to separate families who cannot be made to fit its inflexible terms. In excluding "Aliens who are afflicted with tuberculosis in any form, or with leprosy, or any dangerous contagious disease," the law overlooks the human relationships of our own citizens.

Criminal aliens are naturally excluded from our country but not all crimes are excludable offenses. Drunk driving will not prevent an alien getting a U.S. visa, nor leaving a hit-run victim lying in the road; these have been held not to involve "moral turpitude." Theft and other crimes against property, such as passing bad checks, embezzling funds, and setting fire to your neighbor's house, do involve moral turpitude and will keep you out of the United States—unless you can prove that you have committed only one offense classifiable in the U.S. as a misdemeanor (not a felony) and the amount of property involved was less than one hundred dollars.

If you think you know what "theft" means, consider the college girl who pumped three slugs into a coin-operated telephone, thereby "stealing" electricity from the telephone company. Married fifteen years later to an American teacher who had come abroad to study, she found she couldn't go home with her husband. She had been convicted of three separate offenses involving moral turpitude.

The factor that often keeps families apart is a piece of paper, with little or no relation to reality. Take Julia Biggs, who looks and talks like an American. Evacuated from Britain during the blitz, she spent her adolescent years in the United States. She was home in England only a few years before she married an American and went to live in Connecticut. Six years later, she flew back across the Atlantic to her mother's deathbed. In the stress of the moment, she neglected obtaining the re-entry permit that would have entitled her freely to return to the United States.

Now she had to apply for a new immigration visa, meeting the same high standards set for the selection of suitable new immigrants. She admitted to having had epileptic fits and was declared mandatorily excludable from the United States. The fact that her home is in the United States, her husband well able to care for her, her children native-born American citizens, and she herself of impeccable character, were not considered by the law because she had not resided in the United States the statutory seven years.

Private Bills

These people fairly represent the thousands who each year get stepped on by our blind immigration law. Any alien who doesn't fit into the Procrustean bed fashioned by our Congress must undergo this cutting down to size or endure the agonized stretching out of years while waiting to qualify.

The Immigration and Nationality Act performs the very necessary task of regulating traffic so as to prevent the diseased, the insane, the drug-addicted, and the criminal from entering our country to spread misfortune. But in the day-to-day operation of the law, its heavy weight oppresses many inoffensive people.

This erratic effect of the law is not wholly unknown. During the Eighty-third Congress, which met following passage of the new immigration law, no less than 4,797 private bills were introduced by Congressmen for the relief of individuals from its various provisions. Of these, 753 became law, making up nearly one-half of the total number of laws enacted in that Congress.

For Congress to spend so much

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time undoing at tremendous expense what it has itself wrought should be thought extraordinary. Unfortunately, it is not. During the first session of the Eighty-fourth Congress, 3,059 such bills were introduced, and those enacted again made up nearly half the laws passed, public and private.

The President Rebuffed

President Eisenhower asked for, but didn't get, legislation that would grant discretion to the Attorney General to admit a number of aliens each year who are technically inadmissible to the U.S., but for whom common humanity demands that they not be torn from their families. These cases would be screened by the consular officer legally responsible for the issuance or refusal of visas. Worthy claims could then be referred to Washington for consideration. The number of visas issued to "hardship cases" would be charged to the appropriate quota, so that the total number of people admitted to this country would not be affected.

Under the present system (or lack of it) each of these individual claims is pressed on a Congressman by the interested party; it is then log-rolled through Congress, and is finally brought for reconsideration by the President. Without any administrative machinery to ascertain the value of the claim, it is impossible in the press of government business to deal equitably with these cases which represent so wide a variety of human suffering.

So far, Congress has not seen fit to pass enabling legislation. Private bills continue to be introduced on behalf of aliens whose U.S. citizen relatives are able to exert sufficient pressure. Some are lucky, like the German woman who earned her living by prostitution after the war. She married a U.S. Army captain and a special Act of Congress enabled her to make her home here.

Meanwhile those for whom bills are introduced but whose turn is not reached on the docket, and those many more for whom no special voice is found to plead, must despair of anything like a normal family life. Special interests and interference by Congress in the working of the law fashioned by itself, continue to be the order of the day.

Many will think that an amendment to our immigration law that would remove this blind spot would pay dividends in terms of happily reunited American families. It remains to be seen whether Congress will rise to the need.

A Curious Hospitality

The problems of foreigners who want for various reasons to visit this country are scarcely less acute than those of immigrants.

Americans, who are traveling abroad in increasing numbers in these prosperous years, should be the first to understand the annoyance and delay caused by restrictive travel regulations. But maybe we don't—because an American citizen can usually visit any country in western Europe without any formality at all. We just show our green passport at the frontier and walk in.

Not so those who want to come here. An alien wishing to enter the United States on business or pleasure, as a student, a sailor, or merely in transit from one country to another, must obtain a visa from an American consular officer abroad before setting out on his trip. He must show that he qualifies for one (or more) of the twenty-one types of visitor's visas that our law provides. He must prove that he is not excludable from the U.S. under thirty-one points of law that cover everything from stowaways to sodomists, anarchists to epileptics. He must qualify physically and mentally, his politics must conform to American ideas, his finances must be in good condition, and his morals may not be open to question. In fine, he must meet just about the same high standards we have set for the selection of permanent immigrants.

The Immigration and Nationality Act sprang from the need to protect the country from undesirable immigrants. We don't want criminals to settle among us, or Communists or their tools; we permanently exclude the insane, the diseased, the drug-addicted, beggars, prostitutes, and those likely to become public charges.

Well and good, but how did this get mixed up with the different question of admitting foreign visitors? Well, it clearly does no good to select immigrants carefully if at the same time we allow visitors unrestricted entry. Too many of them might take advantage of our great open spaces to disappear. There must be some regulation if we are not going to open our gates to vast unselective immigration.

Our immigration policy is one of defense. But is that a valid basis for a *non*-immigrant policy? Thousands of people all over the world have legitimate reasons for visiting the United States with no intention of settling here. There were half a million such visitors in 1955. It is obviously in our best interests to receive them generously, if we think that our products, our ideas, and our way of life are worth anything on the world market.

At the present time, we are selecting our visitors on grounds that are irrelevant to the purpose of the trip and obstructive to our interests. A foreign businessman will be prevented from meeting his American supplier if he admits that he has ever had epileptic fits. A student from a country where democracy is in the balance is likely to be refused a visa to the United States if his country's immigration quota is oversubscribed.

People are able to visit the United States in large and growing numbers only because the law intended to regulate their admission does not work. Plainly speaking, it is too cumbersome to apply to wholesale tourist traffic.

The pressure at some of our consular offices is so great that personal interviews must be conducted at the rate of one every three minutes. Obviously, in so short a time it is impossible to make certain that every person meets every requirement of our complex law. Therefore, an alien bearing the passport of a friendly nation and against whom nothing is registered on the consular blacklist need satisfy the consular officer on only two points: that he has a home abroad and intends to return to it, and that he will not become a public charge while in the United States.

The American Embassy at London issued 28,405 visas to visitors last year. If we had felt it necessary to give each one of them a medical exam, they'd still be standing in line. Every applicant was required to swear that he had never been con-

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victed of a crime; but even if he had been, the consular officer signing the visa would have had no way of knowing about it. Perhaps some of those who obtained visas are Communists—we have only their sworn statement that they are not.

B-1 to H-EX

Having whiled away an hour or two in line, the traveler takes his place before the vice-consul. He produces his passport, three photographs, and documents purporting to show that he can pay his own way in the United States or that someone will pay it for him. He first has to prove that he is a bona fide visitor, and not an immigrant in disguise. Next, what type of visitor is he? He may be "B-1" (businessman) or "B-2" (tourist)—or both. Or is he "C-1" (direct transit)? Or "C-2" (transit to the U.N.) or even "C-3" (diplomat in transit)? He may be a "D" (sailor), in which case he is apt to need a "C-1" as well so that he can change ships at an American port. He might be an "E"—a merchant permitted to live in the United States to conduct business. The next chap is "F"—a student, and he'll have to have a medical examination, show acceptance at a school approved by the Attorney General, and have ample funds available—unless he's getting a certain type of scholarship, in which case he's an "EX" (exchange visitor). "A's" and "G's" are diplomats and such, and among the most erratic, for one genus has three species and the other five. "H" includes concert artists and lecturers (who may turn out to be "EX"); contract laborers; and apprentices. For some reason, "I" is reserved for journalists.

Having determined a classification, the vice-consul must next determine that the man before him is not criminally depraved, a Communist agent, or otherwise inadmissible under two dozen counts of the law. (Visitors are exempt from six other paragraphs that exclude immigrants, including illiteracy and polygamy.) The applicant is then fingerprinted and takes an oath. The vice-consul signs the visa.

After all this, a visa is no guarantee that the traveler will be admitted to the United States. He can be excluded by an immigration officer at the American port of entry.

Without suggesting the abolition of visas for all travelers, it nonetheless seems relevant to question the usefulness of visas for the "C" category. Here we are, at the crossroads of the round world, refusing passage to all who do not meet our own standards. What possible interest to the American government is the moral condition of a businessman flying from Australia to England? Why must we spend money on finding it out, or alternatively break the law by issuing a visa without finding it out?

Railway, steamship, and air lines bringing passengers to the United States may enter into an agreement with our government guaranteeing their "through delivery" without stopover in American territory. Such passengers are exempt from securing visas. (A case in point might be a train which, starting in Canada, passes through U.S. territory and reenters Canada.) Could this arrangement not be extended to cover all foreigners in direct and continuous transit through the country?

The Administration has already recommended abolition of "D" visas. For centuries, seamen have sailed ships into foreign ports, their only "travel document" their signature on the ship's articles. They are admitted, as a crew, to every country for shore leave; and required to depart, as a crew, with their ship. The McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, for the first time in history, would make it mandatory for every seaman landing in a U.S. port to obtain an individual U.S. visa. The magnitude of this task staggered our Foreign Service. It would mean sifting the political, medical, financial, and moral character of thousands upon thousands of men whose way of life largely defies investigation—even if we had the permission of all other governments to carry out such investigations on their soil or water. We would need scores of additional visa officers, detectives, informers, and secretarial staffs at every maritime city in the world. And issuing a "D" visa without this full investigation means that every vice-consul is sticking his neck way out in the day-to-day routine of his job.

The intent of this section of law was to weed the mercantile navy of the entire world so as to exclude from U.S. shipping lanes all seamen who belong to labor unions influenced by Communism. This attempt to regulate foreign unions alienated opinion abroad without adding to our security at home. The program was found impossible to implement when one government after another declined to issue passports to their seamen, or otherwise to co-operate, on the ground that our law was unwarranted interference in the world's commerce.

The provision has been found useless by the man who should know the most about our security program—the U.S. Attorney General. But it is still on the books.

Needless Affronts

"To promote better understanding of the United States among the peoples of the world," the U.S. Information and Educational Exchange Act was passed in 1948. Under its terms we invite foreign scholars and professors to work at our universities and laboratories. The Exchange Visitor's Visa (a misnomer, as no direct exchange is involved) permits a scholar to remain in the United States for the period of his study or tour, exempts him from the draft, and permits him to accept payment for his work—benefits not open to our other visitors. The project is nobly conceived, but it loses half its impact when the visitor applies for his visa.

While an ordinary businessman may expect to get his visa in an hour's time, the exchange visitor who is specially invited to our country must make two or three visits to the visa office. He must pass a medical examination, produce a mysterious code number which his school probably has forgotten to send him, and sign a statement, which many find obnoxious, swearing that he

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will leave the United States immediately upon completion of the task at hand. In addition, he is told that for two years following his departure, he will be disqualified for an immigration visa.

Welcome to the United States!

ANOTHER DOCUMENT calculated to annoy many friendly aliens is the non-Communist affidavit. The man who refuses to sign one may have a variety of reasons, and it seems likely that the man most likely to sign a non-Communist oath unblushingly is the Communist agent. Unless the consular officer has inside information, the latter will get a visa and the nonsigners won't.

Fingerprinting is another part of the process that many foreign visitors find insulting. In investigating a murder case last year, British police requested all the adult male inhabitants of a certain town to submit to fingerprinting. The resulting charts were individually studied until, almost at the last, the murderer was identified. Following his conviction, every person whose prints had been taken was requested to appear at the police station to witness the destruction of his record: it was unthinkable that the fingerprints of blameless citizens should be kept by the police.

President Eisenhower, in a message to Congress on February 8, 1956, said that the fingerprinting of visitors "does not significantly contribute to our national safety and security." Nevertheless the tons of unneeded fingerprint cards accumulate daily, and every year we needlessly affront half a million people.

Incidentally, we also cut off all possibility of exchange visits with eastern European countries, except through the idiotic makeshift of putting all Communists in diplomatic status. Iron Curtain governments refuse to allow their citizens to be fingerprinted by a foreign power.

THESE inflexible travel regulations are imposed on us by the false link between immigration and tourism. If we are really confident about the excellence of our American way of life, it is clearly to our advantage to welcome foreign guests into our country so that they will return to their homes as unpaid propagandists.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Bull And the Dwarfs

HONOR TRACY

THE SMALL Spanish city of Zafra lies in a plain, a great parched basin of snuff-colored earth with only a few huge outcrops here and there to break the monotony. It is an ancient city, known to history long before the time of the Romans, but there is little now to see of any interest. The buildings are mediocre and down-at-heel, sadly in need of paint and repair, and the gardens wear a jaded, wilted look as if the surrounding decay had discouraged even them.

But today was the feast of St. Peter and there was great animation in the shabby streets. A horse fair with dealers from all over the region was in progress at the moment, and in the

evening there was to be that most bizarre of Spanish conceptions, a comic bullfight.

The fair was held on open ground at the edge of the city and was as wild as anyone could have hoped for. Horses and donkeys and mules of every age and color and disposition stretched away as far as the eye could see, crowded together in the shade of what trees there were or sweating and twitching under the wicked sun. Here would be a pitiful nag so old and weary that it seemed impossible it had ever made its way to the market, there a fiery young stallion lashing out with his heels at any beast or man that came within range. A deafening clamor filled the air as the owners vociferously argued their points to customers, who skeptically rubbed their chins and shook their heads. With wonderful skill, men threaded their way through the surging crowds on the backs of mules, riding without bit or saddle, perched well back on the rump and guiding the animal with a single rope attached to the nose-band and held in the left hand. These creatures move with a gait of their own very curious to see, faster than a trot but without any jogging or jolting—a quick, smooth, dainty, almost mincing walk. Some of the riders were small children who showed the same ease and adroitness and courage as the men.

Two Offers

A gypsy shouted to me to come over and look at his horse, a young animal of a warm chestnut color with a fine head. I did so, and was unwise enough to inquire the price of it. Nobody in Spain is ever interested in information for its own sake. The gypsy assumed that I wanted to buy the horse; indeed, nothing would convince him of the contrary. He pulled its mouth open to display the strong young teeth, he drew attention to the splendid muscles, he leaped onto its back and showed its paces, he undertook to deliver it to my hotel.

"There never was such a bargain!" he yelled, seizing me by the arm and shaking me.

By now we were ringed by inter-

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ested spectators, each eagerly trying to get his word in.

"I cannot take the horse to London," I explained.

"Why not? why not? It is just the thing for London."

"The customs would not like it."

"Customs!" said the gypsy, and spat.

Just then a little gnome of a man with a beard of several days on his chin and a gentle falsetto voice came up.

"The Señora does not want to buy your horse," he fluted. "I know what the Señora wants."

"Leave my customer alone!" the gypsy roared, turning on him.

"She does not want to buy your horse."

"She asked the price. Of course she does. Woman! you will buy my horse? You will never get this chance again."

There was a growl of agreement from the bystanders. The sense of the meeting appeared to be that having come this far I ought to clinch the deal like an honest woman and not waste any more time. In another minute the horse would have been mine, together with a superb opportunity of testing the statements of George Borrow and Richard Ford on the hazards of riding in Spain. I laughed nervously and waved my hand and hurried away, with the gypsy staring after me in surprise and indignation. Presently with a pattering of feet the little gnome came up smiling and slipped his arm into mine.

"I knew it," he said. "Come with me and I will show you something lovely."

"Where?"

"Just over there. Just on the other side of the little hill. *Una cosa bonita*. Come."

We strolled toward the little hill, the gnome trotting at my side and explaining as he went that he was a widower, that his wife had died the year before, that nevertheless he still was young at heart and that above all he thoroughly understood women. But when we reached the brow of the hill there was nothing whatever to be seen on the other side but the great undulating spaces of hot, snuff-colored earth.

"Where is this *cosa bonita* of yours?"

"Listen," said the gnome, in a cozy sort of way, "if you like me, we could go together."

"What?"

"If you like me," he said, patiently.

I burst out laughing and turned back toward the fair at a smart pace with the gnome hopping and skipping along behind.

"Why not, Señora? I am not perhaps young," he piped, "but will you find a better? And can you be sure you won't like me, unless you try?"

"Excuse me."

"Excuse *me*," he said very politely

Our reappearance after so short

an interval aroused a good deal of amusement.

"No luck?" shouted one of the dealers.

"What did I tell you?" thundered the gypsy. "She wanted my horse."

The gnome shrugged his shoulders right up to his ears and let them fall again. A woman who came alone by herself to the fair and talked to the men freely and shamelessly, as loose women do, and then turned down the first offer without so much as inquiring into the details of it! It was beyond him altogether.

"*¡Es loca!*" he told the gypsy, placing a significant finger to his temple. "You are well rid of it."

Some of the richer dealers or those who had done a good business appeared at luncheon in the Hotel Cabaña, where their swarthy faces, black linen smocks, and emphatic style of eating marked them out from the rest of the clientele. The meal the Cabaña served was immense, even by Spanish standards: heaped plates of cold fish and salad were followed by a vast *puchero* or meat stew which also apparently was a mere appetizer, as after it came slabs of veal fried in batter. In Spain, land of extremes, you eat too much or not at all. Undismayed by the temperature of the dining room, which was roughly that of a moderate oven, the guests did marvelous work, munching their way steadily through the mountains in front of them and using the blade of their knives as a spoon to secure every last crumb. My breakfast still weighed on me and I took nothing but bread and a little wine and waited for the dessert. This was a green banana and four tiny green pears. I asked the waiter for an orange but he said that unfortunately they had all been taken. It seemed to distress him, for a few seconds later the proprietor himself came up to inform me that oranges at this time of year were not worth eating. So leaving the banana and the pears I went out to the market around the corner and bought some oranges for myself. The proprietor saw me carrying them in and shook his head regretfully.

"They are no good, those oranges, I'm afraid," he remarked.

They were delicious, of course, but he had saved face and preserved the forms.

Corrida Bufa

A hush fell on the town as the stifling hours of the afternoon went slowly by. It is the only period of the Spanish day when there is something a little like peace.

Presently the citizens arose and streamed down to the bull ring to see the *corrida bufa*. It was the first spectacle of the kind ever to come my way and I was curious to see how the performers would go about it. Bullfighting seemed as unpromising a subject for comedy as murder. Before the big act came on, however, we had to sit through three "straight" *corridas* of the miserable type commonly seen in small provincial rings. The matadors wore ordinary Andalusian dress with tight trousers and sash, being unable to afford the glittering *traje de luces*; likewise they had no money for real bulls, and this was probably just as well, since they possessed neither the courage nor the skill to fight them. The creatures that came out one by one to be slowly and incompetently butchered were ugly and emaciated,

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with the appearance of starving cows. The second was so wild and fast that it was an embarrassingly long time before the men dared leave their shelters to engage it, and the third was resolved not to fight at all but careened around and around the arena looking desperately for a place where he might be quiet and safe. The audience laughed so much at both of these that for a moment it seemed as if the *bufa* had begun after all.

After an interval the gates opened again and five dwarfs trooped gravely into the ring. They were dressed in farcical clothes, the father in bowler hat and cutaway coat, the mother in a red velvet *robe de style* with a long trailing skirt, a nursemaid with frilly drawers showing beneath her apron, and a baby, wheeled in a chair, sucking a bottle. This grotesque little party arranged itself as a family group in the middle of the arena, while the fifth, made up as a photographer, set his camera in front of them importantly and buried his head in the folds of a black cloth. They held the tableau in perfect immobility for several minutes. Not knowing what to expect, I could not imagine what they were doing and began to grow restless. They were a funny sight but surely not as funny as all that. Meanwhile there was a steadily growing murmur of excitement from the crowd.

SUDDENLY the gates opened once more and a bull came tearing in, to the rear of the photographer and in a line with his backside so temptingly offered. Not one of the little people so much as stirred. The mother and father continued to grin at the camera in the fatuous elation of parenthood; the baby sucked his bottle; the nursemaid leered; the photographer went on looking through his view finder with his diminutive hand on the bulb. The bull paused in astonishment, bellowed, pawed the ground, and charged the photographer. With the thunder of flying hooves in his ears the game little fellow never flinched or moved, and in the next moment a vicious jab of the horn sprawled him headlong in the sand.

Wild laughter broke from every part of the audience, in which it was impossible not to join. Along with their passion for bullfighting the Spaniards have a mania for being photographed, and for the dwarfs to be so absorbed as not to notice the approach of what, in the ordinary way, must have interested them even more, was a deliciously comic idea.

Now they sturdily prepared to deal with their new situation. Leaving the baby alone in his chair with the bull snorting and fuming round it, the nursemaid took the *banderillos* and, rudely aping the mannerisms of various celebrated *toreros,* cited the bull with much leaping up and down and display of frilly panties. As he charged, she ran lightly to meet him with the darts poised above her head, but missed her footing and sat heavily down in front of his nose, the darts still at the ready and a wonderfully foolish look on her face as she stared uneasily up at him. The bull contented himself with trampling her underfoot as he dashed on to attack the father and mother, now arguing fiercely as to which of them should give the *suerte,* snatching the sword from each other's hands, slapping each other's faces, and paying no heed at all to the bull.

He rolled them in the dust, he banged them with the horn, he kicked them and ran over them, but they simply got up again, dusted themselves, and without a glance in his direction continued the argument. At last the mother gained her point. Taking the sword and cloak, she rustled over the sand in her clinging velvet to where the bull was standing. Then, only two or three feet away, she turned her back on him and, in exquisite, unforgettable parody of the great *espadas* in their moment of triumph and supremacy, that moment when they have so tamed and dominated the bull that he will stand there quietly until they choose to continue, she sank on one knee and opened her arms to the crowd. She received the customary ovation, as was her right: The drawback was, of course, that she had failed to fix the bull. Bang! To the enormous delight of everyone he sent her flying, but she got up immediately and, having carefully set her dress to rights and adjusted her wig, she accomplished the *faena,* caricaturing every move and pass with lunatic genius until at last, the sword poised steadily in her tiny hand, she struggled forward, kicking her skirts out of the way, to meet the ultimate furious charge. Then one saw, in sudden horror and with the tears of merriment still wet on the face, that the bull was staggering to and fro in the agony of death.

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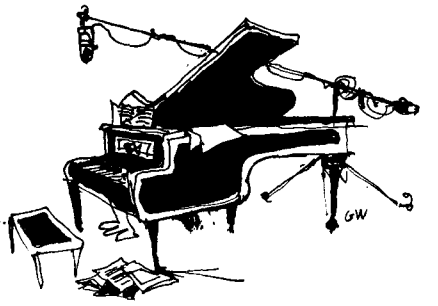
A Great Lady's Homage to Mozart



ROLAND GELATT

For years, the celebrated harpsichordist Wanda Landowska has promised to record some of Mozart's solo keyboard music on the piano, and at last the promise has been fulfilled. During most of 1956, the year that marked the two-hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth, she has been working on her own bicentennial offering: a two-record LP album containing four sonatas and one rondo. Like all of her recent recordings, they were made by RCA Victor sound engineers in her home at Lakeville, Connecticut. A few weeks ago I was invited there to hear the test pressings.

Landowska lives in a spacious, solid structure of nondescript architectural style, circa 1910, that houses two Pleyel harpsichords, two Steinway pianos, tape-recording equipment, long shelves full of scores and books, and mementos of a musical career that stretches back to the nineteenth century. It also houses an elaborate high-fidelity phonograph, and it was on this apparatus that attention centered during my recent visit. "Wait until you hear the marvelous piano tone," Landowska boasted. "It is so very lifelike."

We sat down in front of the loudspeaker. Her secretary-companion, Denise Restout, set the controls, then handed me the score of the first sonata we were to hear. The music had obviously seen long service. Miss Landowska explained quietly that she had acquired it in 1894, when she was fifteen.

Revelatory Recording

The record began, Mozart's Piano Sonata in G (K. 283). As it proceeded I was prepared for the occasional disparity between the printed music in my hand and the re-created music as it came from Landowska's fingers, for she—almost alone among contemporary musicians—has the courage and conviction to improvise embellishments where they are needed, as Mozart himself used to do and as he intended other performers to do. But I was not prepared for the orchestra-like grandeur, the singing legato, the unsuspected inner voices that Landowska was able to perceive and project. A piece of music best known as a teaching piece for moderately talented students was suddenly revealed as a masterpiece of *Figaro*-like beauty.

I mentioned the operatic parallel and found that I had made a welcome comment. "Of course," Landowska agreed. "When Mozart wrote this music he was passionately in love with opera—and with opera singers too. That is how I play it." She left unspoken but clearly implied her dislike of the dry, brittle, top-of-the-keys manner in which Mozart's piano sonatas are habitually performed in our concert halls.

The wonders multiplied as the afternoon wore on and the entire album was heard. It became impossible after a while to utter anything but meaningless superlatives, and I left Lakeville in a state of bemused exaltation. Back at home, reason began to assert itself. Were Landowska's Mozart records so extraordinary, or had I fallen momentarily under the sway of her strong personality? RCA Victor soon supplied the answer with the album itself, which includes the Sonatas in E flat (K. 282), D (K. 311), B flat (K. 333), and the Rondo in A minor (K. 511), as well as the Sonata in G previously mentioned. Subjected to critical reappraisal, the performances made an even deeper impression than they had in Lakeville—to such an extent, indeed, that I am now ready to call this one of the few really revelatory recordings of our time, comparable in impact with Toscanini's Verdi or Schnabel's Beethoven.

The Cameo Treatment

Landowska has tilled a field heretofore cultivated in the most superficial way. When the ordinary concert pianist plays a solo work by Mozart, it is almost invariably as a kind of ceremonial obeisance to the eighteenth century placed at the start of a recital. The idea seemingly is to play as fast and objectively as possible in an attempt to evoke in sound the age of Marie Antoinette—empty brilliance signifying nothing. The late Walter Gieseking's marathon recording of the complete Mozart piano literature (Angel) and the recent disc of four sonatas played by Robert Casadesus (Columbia) exemplify this approach. The pianism is fluent and controlled, no obvious musical solecisms are perpetrated, but the end product—however sprightly—carries small conviction. You listen to it and forget it.

Nobody who hears Landowska's Mozart is likely to forget about it quickly. Her performances may not find support in every quarter, but they will not breed indifference. She plays this music not as the hasty exercises of a peruked *petit-maître* but as the products of a profound genius who gave mankind *Don Giovanni* and the G minor Quintet. The piano sonatas of Mozart in her view are richly colored frescoes, not pale cameos. By adopting slower tempos than are customary today and observing almost all of Mozart's repeats (now generally ignored), Landowska doubles the duration of these usual recital curtain raisers. But the spacious nobility of her interpretations cannot be explained simply by reference to tempos or repeats or improvised embellishments, those ingratiating incidentals wholly Landowskan in conception and utterly Mozartian in spirit. If it can be explained at all, it is in terms of the imagination which enables Landowska to find high musical drama in a simple diatonic melody sustained by bare harmonic substructure.

This artist has been identified with

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the harpsichord for so many years that her present espousal of the piano may come as something of a surprise. Actually, she began her musical career as a pianist at the turn of the century, when the harpsichord was still a museum piece, and she has never entirely forsaken her first instrument. Pianists will discover that she is a formidable virtuoso, in the widest and best sense of that term. They will study with profit her pedaling, the speckless articulation of her fast runs (for Landowska's fingers at the age of seventy-seven are incredibly nimble), the controlled balance of her trills, the strong independence of her left hand.

SCHOLARS will argue the pros and cons of her ornamentation of Mozart's melodies; most listeners will be content merely to revel in the reanimation of music that has been for so long indifferently performed. Wanda Landowska has brought the Mozart bicentennial year to a close with a magnificent display of interpretative genius. «»

Miltown Place, Or, Life with Sponsors

MARYA MANNES

MY FAMILY couldn't brush their teeth after every meal, but we had something more precious together. I guess you could call it "togetherness."

My mother and father did everything together, and so did we. I can't remember a single moment when there wasn't a family-size bottle of Coke on the indoor barbecue pit.

So many little scenes flash through my mind as I think of those years in Crestwood: my father, laughing through his smoke rings as he chortled, "Winston tastes good!"; Aunt Birdie, who came from Mobile, chirping roguishly "Lahk a cigarette should!"; my mother seeing my teenage sister Shirley off to a dance with the heart-warming whisper: "Don't be half-safe!"

Unforgettable

My mother was the most unforgettable character I had ever met. I see her now, rubbing her freshly ironed wash against her cheek and murmuring of its whiteness; or rushing to my father as he came home from work and crying, "Darling, have you heard the wonderful news? Professional laundries use *soap*, not detergents!" My mother had that kind of mind.

We children spent many childhood hours browsing through old *Reader's Digests*. "It's the small things that count," my father always used to say. Years later, in the isolation booths of jack-pot shows, we used to thank our stars for the rich background of knowledge those little old *Digests* gave us. Everyone said we sparkled.

EVERY Sunday we had Dean Pike and Norman Vincent Peale for dinner, and Mother used to make Kraft pizzas for them. They often remarked on her sealed-in goodness and creamy richness. Some people said it was Geritol, but we knew that it was her moral and spiritual values that made her like that.

"Never forget," she used to say when she sipped her calorie-free beer. "This is a friendly, freedom-loving nation."

The only sad note in those unforgettable years concerned my nearest brother, Prelvis. He lived in a dream world of his own. "I wonder," he would say, vacantly, "where the yellow went!" But he had great sweetness in him, and my mother was infinitely patient. Even when he ice-skated over the kitchen floor, she would merely run a mop over the wax and the tracks would disappear. "No rub, no wipe!" she would quip merrily as she rubbed and wiped.

The most unforgettable character I ever knew (next to Mother) was our family doctor, whom we called "Doc." Whenever any of us were sick, no matter what from, "Doc" would draw little pictures of our intestines and show us how fast Bufferin brought relief. (He was the fifth out of four doctors.)

Yet we were not without romance. I will never forget when Shirley married Bob and he gave her a set of flat silver. As she looked up into his eyes, fingering a salad fork, he said, with infinite tenderness, "This Regency pattern is another way of saying 'I love you.'" Putting on my Playtex "living gloves" to help Mother with the dishes, I yearned for a love like that. "With Joy," she comforted me, instinctively, "dishwashing is *almost* nice!"

Part of our togetherness in those days was the sharing of minds as well as hands, and, of course, the spirit. Each of us prayed before our respective tasks: Father before his board meeting, Mother before cooking, us children before exams. Every morning Mother read aloud from Mr. Peale's column in *Look*, and once a week Father read us the *Life* editorial, to set us straight. All of us kept up with Pearl Buck. And on Christmas Eve, we joined our voices to Bing Crosby's as he sang carols from Hollywood.

Forgettable

I will never forget when our world fell apart. It was the year when four out of five doctors said "Anxiety Is Good for You." This marked the end of an era.

My mother no longer rubs her cheek against her wash or lets something golden happen with Fluffo. She plays a bull fiddle and reads Henry Miller.

My father wears hair shirts and corresponds with Simone de Beauvoir; my sister Shirley and Bob got divorced after she put his Ike buttons in the Disposall, and Prelvis is waiting for Godot in a degraded Southern town.

Miltown Place, the temple of togetherness, has been sold to the Society for the Propagation of the Failure.

And I? As I write, I am lying in a stupor from Wolfschmidt, sucking my thumb.

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All Together Now: Love that System!

E. E. EDWARDS

TODAY in the United States a steadily increasing percentage of citizens spend their entire lives in great bureaucracies of a thinly disguised paternalism, although the chiefs of those organizations still like to perpetuate an old folk myth of rugged self-determination. The jobholders and functionaries also seem increasingly reconciled to such a form of existence, with its promise of graduated rewards, possible bonuses, and pensions. They come to it trained for the most part as technicians and specialists indoctrinated with the need for group action but without what we would consider a broad education that might arouse an independent critical spirit.

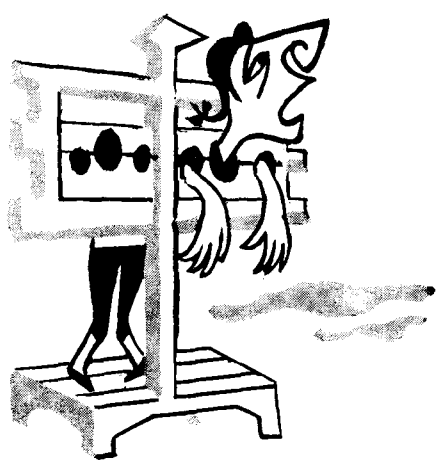
A growing number, furthermore, particularly of the class aspiring to climb institutional ladders, have taken to living in large-scale, standardized collectives known as "developments" along the fringes of great urban centers. There everything from the shape and color of their houses to the churches and clubs and social circles they are to belong to has been arranged for them in advance by planners of varying degrees of benevolence. In such highly organized communes the collective spirit of the nation reaches its fullest flower, and there the presence of a dissident individual—a man who would attempt to paint his garage door blue when the prescribed or agreed color along the block was red—would create intolerable strains.

'Group Belongingness'

Such is the shape of life in the United States today, if I have correctly understood a bristling new interpretation of it given by William H. Whyte, Jr., in his *The Organization Man* (Simon and Schuster, $5).

Mr. Whyte is one of the editors of *Fortune,* and they are a prolific lot. Their most recent book-length productions, *The Executive Life* and *The Art of Success,* were discussed here in November. The editors would no doubt insist that they are not radicals. They are just sometimes controversial. And in a day when so many others appear to have lost or suspended their critical faculties, the editors of *Fortune* fill a void by at least remaining highly articulate.

Mr. Whyte has not designed his book as a satire. It is a serious study of the contrasts between American assumptions about ourselves handed down from yesteryear and our realities today. But every form of reality



produces its own brands of fakery, and Mr. Whyte snorts at many of the present manifestations of the collective life we lead.

He lays into the lords of our great private foundations and corporate-research institutes whose idea of adding to the world's wisdom is to appoint committees to hand out grants to other committees to pursue collective "group projects" which, like the mountain, often produce just a collective mouse. He is no friend of the "life-adjusters" who dominate our official educational system today with their doctrine that since group harmony is the overriding objective, the young today really don't need to learn anything more than "Personal-Social adjustment," "Communicative Skills" (we used to call it English), and maybe a smattering of advanced garage management.

Had you heard of the "self-ignition" theory of group creativeness that is now being widely accepted not only by American social philosophers but supposedly heardheaded business managements as well? Its idea is that a group will spontaneously create ideas—acceptable ones, that is—where an individual thinking all by himself may not. What is presently being debated about this idea is not whether it makes sense or what kinds of brains had better be in the group that does the igniting, but simply how large the group membership should be. "With fewer than four members," Whyte reports with a spurious straight face, "self-ignition does not take place, while more than ten prevents it."

Mr. Whyte is hopeful enough not to believe that we have yet reached the point of general Groupthink, but he does report on a new instrument called the Harwald Group-Thinkometer. This is not a figment of some Orwellian imagination on *Fortune.* It exists. It is an electrical device which can be plugged in at any committee session in Detroit or Washington or wherever and which will automatically register on a dial the degree of general agreement reached on any given question. Along with such other devices as the Bernreuter Personality Inventory and the Thurstone Temperament Schedule, it promises to be a major aid in testing for the ultimate desideratum: uniformity.

'Organization Men'

What might a Sinclair Lewis or an H. L. Mencken have done in their sardonic prime with such excrescences as these! However, the straight-reportorial Whyte has done enough. He recounts that some time ago, perturbed by all that was going on in our midst in the name of Human Engineering, Life Adjustment, Universal Personality Testing, and the rest of it, he concocted a burlesque article in *Fortune* purporting to describe a wonderful new master card that would calibrate everybody for everything and then would be carried at all times by its possessor as his lifelong American domestic

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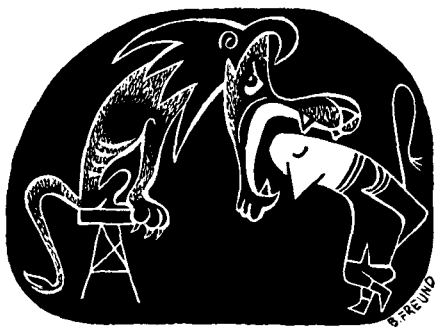


passport, so to speak. Lest anyone failed to get the point, he even added at the end that this was all a joke. Yet even among the sophisticated executives who read *Fortune* there were several who wrote in earnestly to say that this was simply a marvelous idea, and one of them reminded the editors that the Westinghouse people had already devised an identification card that was at least a step in this direction.

What Mr. Whyte is saying is that America is now peopled very largely by "Organization men." They are the middle-class Americans who have "left home, spiritually as well as physically, to take the vows of organization life." They can be found in corporations, in laboratories, in law factories, in foundations, in the hierarchies of our churches. They not only work for the Organization; they belong to it. Each one of them stands at the center of a deep conflict in American values. For "the old precepts of the Protestant Ethic, to which he still gives lip service, simply do not jibe with the kind of group life he has to live." Intellectually, it is not the defects of organization life that becloud decision for him, but its very beneficence. He is doing well—better than he ever has. "To resolve his doubts, he is constructing a new faith—a Social Ethic that would make morally legitimate the increasing power of society over him."

In other words, even in this year of conservative political triumph and restatement of the traditional American ideals of self-help, self-sufficiency, and private judgment, the new facts of our life are such as to throw these ideals quite out of kilter with reality and to demand a rationale of change—or, to use the preferred lingo, "adjustment." Mr. Whyte reports the symptoms along with the sometimes slatternly results. He doesn't think we can turn back the clock and all become Ben Franklins or Thoreaus again. But he also doesn't really tackle the question of just how we came to be intellectually what we "Organization men" are.

Could it be that American business, which has always sought bigness without thinking about its consequences until much later, has itself had a part in the abrupt change of climate? Pragmatism, experiment, individuality, imagination—these are of the essence of American private enterprise, as its leaders have proclaimed it and the shrewdest of them embodied it. Yet the business community, while exalting the old gospels of self-help and reward for the man willing to strike out on his own, has institutionalized itself to the point of resembling the very government bureaucracies it deplores, and has asked of its growing armies of employees a total lifelong loyalty. It

has now gotten what it asked for—and more. The flabby compliance and collectivism of the "grouper" is the revenge of the "company-oriented" man.

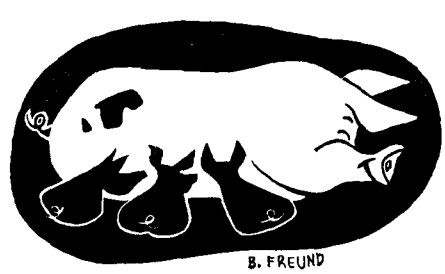
Split-Level Bureaucrats

Some businessmen sense that something is wrong somewhere. They dreamed of bold, imaginative enterprise, and instead are in a fair way to inherit a corps of perfectly adjusted, tested, and undifferentiated split-level bureaucrats. A few corporation leaders, for instance, after long decrying the liberal arts as a sheer waste in preparing men for a business career—and thereby discouraging many colleges from even trying to teach the liberal arts—have now become so struck by the semiliteracy of their resulting junior executives that they have turned around and set up costly academic programs of their own to educate and enlighten the staff before it is too late.

A few also, affected by the inevitability of "grouping" in our day and possibly bewildered as to what you should group for, have been attending sessions at the National Training Laboratory in Group Development at Bethel, Maine, where the professors on the reservation are going in for experiments in "the leaderless group." But if you must group, it would seem to an outsider that you might do best at least to have a leader—and maybe even an opposition leader. If you do, however, you may find some discordant voices in the chorus whose joint decibels are being recorded by the Harwald Group-Thinkometer as they chant in unison, "Love That System!"

Of course we should love the system—while keeping our wits about us. But just loving it collectively doesn't necessarily help it to move or even to know itself. As for Life Adjustment, of course each of us must adjust. But to what? With what aim? With what particular group? Or could one possibly make one's adjustment even without a group? "Be loyal to the company," Mr. Whyte sums up the bland philosophy of our neo-collective day, "and the company will be loyal to you." Not necessarily. And why *should* the Organization be loyal to me, unless it is sure of me and holds me in its bondage? Come to think of it, a little mutual disloyalty—or call it independence and criticism—might help.

The prestige of business leaders as America's guarantors and arbiters is at its peak today. Despite their past confusions, they are looked to by millions as somehow knowing what is best for us. If it is really collectivism they want, well, maybe we have to have it. What do they want the universities to teach? The universities will probably teach it. The University of Georgia, for instance, now offers a course in airline-stewardess



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training. What do they want their employees to hold up as ideals, and how would they like to see their children taught? At the new model settlement of Park Forest, Illinois, peopled largely by "Organization men," the new model high school (which calls itself a "$1,600,000 learning laboratory") doesn't seem to teach much in the way of English or history or languages or literature, but it does give a basic course in "Family Living." ("All aspects of family group life are open to study," says the prospectus. "Units of study include money management, everyday social relationships, care of the sick, nutrition and food management, clothing and housing the family and preparation for marriage.")

If businessmen choose to endow great projects in group harmony (again, harmony for what?), probably no one will turn down the money. If they really want to select and advance their employees on the basis of conformity ratings as shown on the Thurstone Temperament Schedule and the Bernreuter Personality Inventory, presumably we shall all have to brace ourselves for them.

WITH THIS difference, though. You can get around them. You can, if you set your individual mind to it, outwit all the groupers and Human Engineers and project planners and Life Adjusters and committee self-igniters who'd like to categorize you. Their tests, while electronically foolproof, are intellectually so rigged as to expect from you the right, conforming answer. Fool them.

All you have to do—and here an appendix to Mr. Whyte's book will help you—is to study the right responses. A "Yes-No" personality question on which your whole career could depend may read, for instance, "How would you rather spend an evening at home—reading a book or playing bridge with friends?" Obviously, don't answer "reading a book," even if you don't play bridge. Or the test may ask whether you love your father or mother more. If a man, be sure to answer "My father a bit more." Otherwise someone—or some complicated machine—might draw the wrong conclusions. No matter how deeply they may be probing you or what the real truth is, tell them what they want to hear. Keep the following guides to *any* "Yes-No" personality responses under your hat: "I like things pretty much the way they are. . . . I never worry much about anything. . . . I don't care for books or music much. . . . I love my wife and children. . . . But I don't let them get in the way of company work."

If enough of us memorize these points, and also don't do something foolish such as painting our garage doors an antisocial color, we may yet frustrate our new American collectivizers, and so come out on top.

The Reformation Of a Bibulous Aunt

WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE REAL JAZZ OLD AND NEW, by Stephen Longstreet. *Louisiana University State Press. $5.*

GUIDE TO JAZZ, by Hugues Panassié and Madeleine Gautier. *Houghton, Mifflin. $4.*

THE HEART OF JAZZ, by William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell. *New York University Press. $6.50.*

JAZZ: ITS EVOLUTION AND ESSENCE, by André Hodeir. *Grove Press. $3.50.*

THE STORY OF JAZZ, by Marshall Stearns. *Oxford University Press. $5.75.*

It has become traditional, during the thirty-five or so years in which a body of critical writing has sprung up around jazz, for its authors to preface their remarks with indignant statements about all the "nonsense" written on the subject before, and then sit down and write

some more. There are, of course, good reasons for this. Until the past five or so years, jazz has been widely regarded in this country as a kind of queer Victorian aunt who laces her tea, belches at the wrong moment, and uses improper amounts of rouge. As a result, its defenders or, better, apologists have often been guilty of an immeasurably harmful immoderation—hot, gassy prose, provincialism, inaccuracy, and condescension—originally born, like the intentions of the back-seat driver, of a fervent desire to help.

But now jazz is played in concert halls and colleges around the world, as well as taught in accredited university courses. It is sent abroad under the sponsorship of the U.S. State Department as a benevolent cultural ambassador. Heavily attended summer festivals of jazz are sprouting around the country. The New York *Times* has a jazz critic. And lastly, jazz has become, with the combined help of the long-playing record and an economic boom, a big business—perhaps the most heartfelt blessing Americans can bestow on a native endeavor.

EUROPEAN intellectuals long ago met and felled the racial and Puritanical prejudices that still stalk this country. As a result, they have loved, if not always understood, jazz almost since its inception. In 1919, Ernest Ansermet, the Swiss conductor, wrote with some perception about Sidney Bechet, whom he had heard in London. A few years later, a German published a short book with the engaging title *Jazz und Shimmy*, which was followed by *Das Jazz-Buch*. (There is something about the German language that is all elbows and belly when it comes to jazz; in the 1930's, another German wrote a paper called "Was Ist mit der Jazzmusik?") Then in 1932 Robert Goffin, a Belgian, wrote the

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best known early books about jazz.

In the meantime, American magazines like the *Ladies' Home Journal, Literary Digest,* and *Etude* were boiling over with pieces called "Is Jazz the Pilot of Disaster?", "The Doctor Looks at Jazz," "Unspeakable Jazz Must Go!," and "Does Jazz Put the Sin in Syncopation?" And in 1926 a man named Henry O. Osgood wrote a solemnly official book, *So This Is Jazz,* which, though it didn't mention a single jazz musician, pored reverently over the works of "jazz" composers like Gershwin and Ferde Grofé. In fact, it was not until 1938, when Winthrop Sargeant and Wilder Hobson produced their still valuable books, *Jazz: Hot and Hybrid* and *American Jazz Music,* that the first full-dress American analytical works were written on the subject. Since then, books on jazz by Americans have been piling up on remainder counters like politicians' diaries, and in some sort of mid-century ecstasy there have recently appeared, in addition to the books under consideration here, a discography of LP records, a couple of histories, several autobiographies, a biography, an encyclopedia, and two bibliographies, one of which has well over three thousand entries.

Backscratching with Satchmo

Possibly because zealots have a weakness for the convenient half of any truth, many books on jazz have been highly personalized histories, full of myth, sentimentality, and blowzy writing. Mr. Longstreet's book is no exception. The author, who is perhaps best known as a screen writer, has compiled, in the form of a history, a great many supposed quotes taken down from nameless jazz musicians, and has packed them in between a kind of beery whimsy of his own. In his introduction Mr. Longstreet says, "I don't know of another book like [mine]—that lets the jazzmen tell their own story in their own words." I do, and it was published well over a year ago—*Hear Me Talkin' to Ya,* edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff (Rinehart).

HUGUES PANASSIE, a blindingly prejudiced but goodhearted French critic who published one of the pioneering books on jazz, *Le Jazz Hot,* in 1934, and who, through some mysterious chemistry, was chosen to write the entry on jazz for the recently published fifth edition of the monumental *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians,* is far guiltier of unscrupulously uncinching his ego than Mr. Longstreet, who at least makes no pretense at being more than an amateur. The Panassié *Guide to Jazz,* which Louis Armstrong describes in a short preface as "the musicians' Bible" (Panassié later retaliates by calling Armstrong "a genius comparable with the greatest names in the history of music"), is a collection of opinions, peppered with facts, on jazz musicians, songs, jazz categories, and musical terms. It is also very entertaining reading, though, for Mr. Panassié is a jubilantly wrongheaded critic who makes a kind of Legion of Merit out of his unwillingness to understand all jazz produced since 1940. Thus, bebop, which was no more than an interesting musical experiment with the jazz forms that preceded it, is to him a disease, and any musician who becomes contaminated is either unmentionable or is straight-armed, like the late Charlie Parker, with a kind of dolorous pity: "An extremely gifted musician, Parker gradually gave up jazz in favor of bop. . . ."

Mr. Panassié's book does, however, provide a distinct, if sometimes rather fragmentary, service to jazz by listing dozens of now obscure or dead rural and urban folk-blues musicians and singers who tramped the country as poet-minstrels in the 1920's.

The Moldy-Fig School

The book that Mr. Grossman (an associate professor at the New York University School of Commerce) and Mr. Farrell (a jazz collector) have collaborated on is similar—at least so far as good, raw prejudice is concerned—to the efforts of the Messrs. Longstreet and Panassié. Written in a kind of bearded drone punctuated with footnotes and phrases like "the nonsensicality of content" (inherent in the trumpet playing of Dizzy Gillespie), the book is by far the canniest and most subtle defense of the moldy-fig school of jazz appreciation that we have yet had. (A moldy fig listens only to the improvised small-band jazz played from 1917 to around 1925, or to the neo-New Orleans music now being performed by a host of young musicians who imitate their elders with an impressively skilled slavishness.)

Professor Grossman puts his shoulder to the moldy-fig dogma with tortoise-like deliberation. Gradually, he builds a wonderfully fustian image of the old New Orleans musician as a kind of carefree, humble, and saintly Uncle Tom who somehow crystallized in his music both the reason and freedom of the humanist and the selfless dignity of the Christian. (Professor Grossman plants his theory squarely on the supposition that the "contents" of any music can be unalterably fixed, like the price of pork.) Then, along came Louis Armstrong and in 1925 began destroying the religious content in New Orleans jazz through an act of "apostasy," by becoming a self-serving soloist rather than an integrated part of the traditional New Orleans ensemble structure, which brooks few if any solos. Professor Grossman heaps most of the evils he finds in swing, bebop, and progressive jazz on poor Armstrong, describing him as playing with "an expertly controlled barbaric yawp," "frenzy," "an undisciplined emotional expansiveness," and "wildness." (A contemporary of Armstrong's, Jabbo Smith, who fits these phrases to a "T," is not mentioned in the book.) The remedy for this unfortunate heresy, Professor Grossman eventually tells us, is that jazz musicians must rediscover the original "Judeo-Christian content" of New Orleans jazz—the origins of which, of course, are now as remote as Chellean man simply because the environment in New Orleans sixty and more years ago will never again exist.

FORTUNATELY, neither Mr. Hodeir nor Mr. Stearns has to labor along under a bit of blarney advanced by Professor Grossman early in his argument: "It would indeed be curious if, upon careful critical examination, two very different directions in a creative art were found equally desirable." Mr. Hodeir, a cool-minded young French composer and critic, has written a rather dry and difficult semi-musicological study of jazz that seeks—and often finds—profound insights into the methods of musicians, ranging from the New Orleans clarinetist Johnny Dodds

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to Charlie Parker. (Dodds is unstintingly praised by Messrs. Grossman and Farrell and is both praised and sharply criticized by Hodeir for his obvious musical sloppiness.) If the book has a fault, it is a hyperintensity that leads Mr. Hodeir into the hushed zones of French theoretical criticism, where, in prying into the very "essence" of jazz, he bravely strips it of its two fundamentals, improvisation and the blues.

Mr. Stearns is an associate professor of Medieval History at Hunter College, and his book is a smooth and often witty attempt to trace jazz from the cultures current in West Africa two hundred years ago to the enormously complicated mixture it has become. He has already been criticized for having produced a disappointingly incomplete history of jazz, but it seems fairly certain that he had little intention of writing such a work, which would at the time be premature and even impossible. What he has done, however, is give a broad indication, largely gathered together from the research of social scientists, as to where many of the religious and secular sources that went into jazz—the English hymn, the spiritual, the blues, African rhythms, the French quadrille, European band music, and the like—came from and how they reacted on one another. There is also, among other things, a sensitive chapter on the tricky attitudes of the Negro toward the white and vice versa, as well as a rather confusing section, in which he tries, with a kind of cinematic transition technique, to map out what was happening simultaneously in jazz in the 1920's and 1930's from Florida to Oregon.

At any rate, perhaps Professor Stearns is indicating, along with Mr. Hodeir, that the bibulous aunt has been reformed.

The Ancient Greeks In Fiction

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE LAST OF THE WINE, by Mary Renault. *Pantheon. $4.50.*

One always wonders, in reading about ancient Greece, which of two images is the more authentic. Was it the "democracy" resting upon slave labor, a civilization but a hair's breadth from savagery, worshiping painted idols, practicing a peculiar eroticism, almost constantly at war? Or was it that philosophic Greece of moderation and temperance, the Golden Mean which has come down to us, attenuated, through the academies?

Time sifts; events so distant tend to become fine as dust, abstracted, purged of blood and agony. One wonders how much of the "Greek spirit" truly aspired toward universals and essences, and how much is a rarefaction resulting from our remoteness.

EDITH HAMILTON in her influential *The Greek Way* would have it that Hellenism represents a unique balance between the general and the particular, the mind and the spirit, reason and passion. But rather than balance, what we seem to see is a violent swinging of the pendulum between what Nietzsche (and Spengler after him) termed the Dionysian and the Apollonian—from mystical and irrational life practices to abstracted and distilled thought processes. The coexistence is often grotesque: Hairy superstition squats like a spider in the midst of Socrates' most exquisite webs of dialectic.

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MARCH OF DIMES
FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS
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art historians to swoon at idealized, insipid Apollos and turn with scorn from Roman portrait busts, those emperors with soldiers' faces, real with warts and worries.

In *The Last of the Wine,* Miss Renault's particular merit is that she has accomplished her humanization of ancient Athens and yet preserved the mythic distant perspective, diminished in long depths of time, as if we were looking at real actors through the wrong end of a telescope. Her prose, limpid and Attic, puts flesh on all the names in the history books: Her Plato, Xenophon, Alcibiades, Phaedo, walk and move and suffer and laugh; we live with them through the quarter century of the Peloponnesian War, ending in the defeat and decline of Athens as symbolized by the title. Her personages are our contemporaries, as they must be in all good historical fiction, sharing a common humanity made especially intriguing by the unfamiliar circumstances in which their humanity acts.

Employing the technique of Robert Graves and Marguerite Yourcenar, Miss Renault immerses us in the ancient world by telling her story in the first person through the eyes of an Athenian youth. So, with Alexias, we gasp to the finish line of a foot race in the Corinthian Games; engage in a thrilling naval battle, feeling the shock of the Spartan underwater rams as we brace ourselves to cast the javelin; climb to the High City, white and glistening on the rock; listen to Socrates gabbing endlessly in the agora; pour libations with the priests; live through siege and famine. The author's pictures are clear-limned as painted figures on a vase, her dialogue frequently sounds like Jowett's famous translation of the *Dialogues*—a kind of gentlemanly English, limpid and cadenced and cool.

Nature is viewed immediately and mythically as the Greeks must have viewed it: "It was the great moon of Athene's feast-day. Here in Athens we had a cloudy night, but there she shone clear upon the sea and the rocky headlands; till at her zenith, her face was seen to grow less, and to be cut away, and at last all darkened, as if a great shield had been held before her."

All history, of course, is voyaging in time; and as in every other kind of traveling we bring with us much of our capacity for seeing. Miss Renault is certainly open—almost uncritically yielding—to the peculiar magic of ancient Greece. Thus, she is able to deal with homosexual love, the romantic thread of her story, not so much sympathetically (for that would be pleading a case) but matter-of-factly, as if it were the normal course of nature. This is, of course, the fashionable modern view wherein normality disappears (everything is normal) and biology becomes infinitely malleable, indeed nothing but a function of sociology.

Socrates and Yes Men

A curiously fascinating city, fifth-century B.C. Athens, where men wrestled with their bodies in the palaestra and with their minds in the agora. Miss Renault has been respectful of but not enslaved by the record. Although the writing is clearly her own, one hears echoes of Thucydides, of Plato, of Xenophon, of Plutarch, of Diogenes Laertius. This novelist has steeped herself in original sources (and spent three months in Greece); from what remained as hiatuses she perforce has made fiction. History is prodigiously scattered with suggestions of what is likely to have happened but of which no evidence remains. These empty spaces are the soil wherein the fictioneer of history plants his seeds of imagination.

The only failure in Miss Renault's gleaming reconstruction, it seems to me, is the figure of Socrates. If this great talker fails to come alive, the fault is perhaps due to her reluctance to retouch Plato's superb portrait. The result is that we react not to a new creation but to a traditional figure: that curly-bearded gadfly of the Athenian mare, buzzing about with his disturbing philosophical questions. It's easy to understand how he would impress the archons at so perilous a period, after the disastrous defeat by Sparta, as a nuisance and threat to the state.

Nor does Miss Renault succeed in altering this reviewer's conviction that the famous Socratic method has far less kinship with a true give-and-take of discussion than with a Hollywood conference—one producer and many yes men.

One other reservation. Upon occasion, fortunately rare, Miss Renault's craftsmanship is flawed by the inability of the English to forget at times that they are English. Then her Attic warriors become British landed gentry, riding to hounds, teeth to the wind: "The torch burned red above the gate-tower. We leaped to our feet dismayed. The army was half a mile away; most of them naked by this time, oiling and scraping-down, or mending their armour before the action. Our eyes all turned to Alkibiades. . . .

" 'These colonials,' he said. 'People who turn up to a party while one is still dressing. Someone has gone white-livered, I suppose, and the rest daren't wait. . . .' "

But even this might be forgiven. Isn't the marvel of Greece its eternal contemporaneity?

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here lives at this time in Judea

. . . a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but whose followers love and adore as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the grave and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch.

e is a tall man, well shaped, of an amiable and reverend aspect, and his hair is of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of his head, running as a stream to the front fashioned after the Nazarites.

is forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, and beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork.

is eyes bright blue, clear and serene, look innocent and dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body, most perfect and captivating, his hands and arms most delectable to behold.

e rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave.

o man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has frequently wept in the presence of men.

e is temperate, modest and wise; a man for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection surpassing the children of men in every sense.

—Apocryphal word portrait ascribed to one Publius Lentulus during the reign of Tiberius Caesar and first found in the writings of Saint Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury during the eleventh century.

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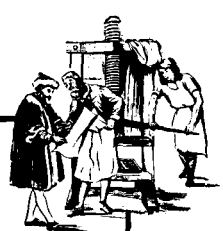

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